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## REVIEWS

*A Collection of Ancient English Airs, consisting of Song, Ballad, and Dance Tunes, &c., preceded by an Essay on English Minstrelsy.* The Airs arranged by W. Crotch, Mus.D.; G. A. Macfarren; and J. A. Wade: edited by W. Chappell. Chappell.

WHILE opening our chronicle of another year some slight notice was taken of the present direction of English taste towards vocal in preference to instrumental music. This publication of Mr. Chappell's, now complete, is a valuable evidence of the same tendency: and, apart from the interest of its subject, the care obviously bestowed on its production claims for it a respectful and attentive consideration.

The origin and progress of national music (see *Athen.* No. 586, review of 'Daune's Scottish Melodies') has been always considered, by us, as a subject obscure in proportion to its importance. It is easy, indeed, to collect ancient tunes, but most unsafe to theorize upon them. Ere this can be done, the thousand disturbing influences should be considered, which may have converted a Scotch into an Irish air, or *vice versa*, long before the science of "prick song" was known to either Saunders or Patrick; and which so far tincture and transform the evidence of Tradition, as to make its every word a matter for cautious scrutiny. We are every day receiving proofs how strangely variable is the testimony of human memory: every day offers evidence that even the simplest facts can be so coloured, in their transmission from one to another, that after a few years we can scarcely recognize them: how much more then shall an airy vagrant thing, like a melody—a mere breath!—be transformed and changed, in its progress from one epoch of civilization and art to another? In the article upon Mr. Daune's reprint of the Skene Manuscript, we adverted to a few among the thousand chances which bring on the interchange and naturalization of national tunes. But granting that, in the first instance, they have been indigenous, who shall guarantee their present purity,—nay, even their resemblance to the original forms? The same notes, when sung slow and fast, how different are they in character! Who could recognize in the 'Land of the Leal,' so long-drawn, so plaintive, so desolate, the identical 'Hey tutti taiti,' which Burns appeared so fitly to mate with music in his triumphant 'Scots wha hae, &c.'? Who, in the plaintive march performed on trumpets, which marshalled Mary Stuart to her execution (*vide* No. 36 and 37 of Mr. Chappell's collection), could detect the merry melody of 'Jumpin' John,' alias 'Joan's placket,' better known to the English as the song trolled by Mr. Justice Woodcock in memory of "the joys of his dancing days"? Again, how different are the same airs when sung by voices of various qualities! The tones of an untutored organ of heavy *timbre* have a tendency to become flat even in the short number of bars which make up a melody—sometimes even to the extent of a semitone; and who is to assure us that some of the sudden and uncouth progressions which startle us in Irish jigs and Scotch lilt, may not have absolutely grown out of this weakness, which has been caught up, re-echoed, and finally repeated in a form more or less exaggerated in its passage under the formal fingers of the taught musician? The same question may be asked with regard to many freaks of rhythm. Once more, there are singers, not only so retentive of melody, but so instinctively apprehensive of harmony, that, to every tone they hear and utter, they adapt, in thought, a chord; and who

will sometimes, in singing, unknowingly attempt to give its agreeable effect by sliding the voice rapidly from one note to the other, so as to represent two parts simultaneously moving. Who is to decide how far such a practice applied to plain tones may or may not have generated that characteristic "Scotch twist," which, at least, is as characteristic of the melodies of the North Country, as their well-known constancy to the black keys of the harpsichord?—the last peculiarity, in its turn, offering matter for speculation of a like order as to its fortuitous origin.

Though the attainment of any distinct or coherent theory as to the primitive sources of music may be, to speak rationally, as hopeless as the return of King Sebastian; the further we proceed in the interesting labour of collection and comparison—with a view, as it were, of decomposing song into its original elements—the more firmly are we persuaded that to such hints and considerations as these—call them even fancies—not only must the critic, but also the professor, lend his mind as well as his ear, whenever national music is the subject of his consideration. Without some attention to them, he is incapable of presenting materials for analysis to those more imaginative than himself;—hence, too, it is that we see so many national airs harmonized in utter disharmony with their real spirit,—docked and dressed up, and clogged with strange incumbrances, till they are as little recognizable as Sir Kenneth of Scotland's hound, when as Sir Thomas of Gillsland phrased it, he came back from his sojourn in the Soldan's tents,—"painted like any Venetian courtizan." To draw an illustration from the matter in hand, we are not altogether satisfied with the treatment which the ancient tunes in Mr. Chappell's collection have received at the hands of Dr. Crotch, Mr. J. A. Wade, and Mr. Macfarren. All the three gentlemen sin on the side of indiscriminate enrichment. Neither—and here we return to our first argument—are we as convinced as Mr. Chappell would wish us to be, that all his tunes, when divested of their harmonies, are English, and, as such, make up a body of melody sufficient to rescue us from the reproach under which we have long laboured, as being a people with ballads and voices, but no *airs*! But having made this remark, and having frankly stated that we are far distant from that point at which experience authorizes a peremptory decision, we shall, in passing through Mr. Chappell's valuable collection, rather touch upon separate details of interest and curiosity, in most of which a laudable degree of editorial research is evident, than enter into the great question, the examination of which could hardly fail to end in special pleading, or an aimless wrangling about "passages that lead to nothing."

In the introductory essay the student will find the fruits of the antiquarian researches hitherto made on the subject—but as none, it is almost needless to add, have been made on our principle, he will be glad, on opening the collection, to come at once upon the old melody of 'Chevy Chase'—a tune also given to the 'Children in the Wood,' and probably, in the very early days of *balladism*, used with some twenty other sets of words, owing to its not fatiguing the voice of the singer, and offering scope for his declamation. Ballad tunes, be it recollected, must always be largely subservient to the words, by the aid of which merely a sentiment is to be displayed, not a story to be unravelled. Many of the most characteristic and peculiar of national melodies are those with which no rhymes have been mated—such as the dancing measures of Scotland, Ireland, Germany, and Spain. What if there be a grain of reason in the speculation arising in the very moment of writing, which, for the establish-

ment of a school of national music, would make also a national dance indispensable?—not indeed an exotic *pavan* or *lavolta*, but something, which, for England, should be known as the May—or the Harvest—or the Christmas dance. 'Playford's Dancing Master,' it is true, is the publication to which all collectors of English tunes are largely indebted; but while the Reel, the Planxty, the Tarantella, and the Bolero have survived, (the French have no national dance, and hence [?] very little national music, in the strict sense of the term,) the English can show nothing of a corresponding character, save perhaps the 'Cushion Dance,' which is more an affair of postures than steps; precisely, to the dance, what the ballad is to the song,—and 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' still the delight of our "young men and maidens" at Christmas time, which, nevertheless, stands in the same category.

But we are making no way through Mr. Chappell's book of 250 tunes, collected from known and unknown sources, "and in particular"—so his preface tells us—"from two collections of English airs, the one printed at Haerlem in 1626, and the other at Amsterdam in 1634, in which are to be found several melodies, acquiring additional interest from being mentioned by Shakspeare, by Izaak Walton, &c., and might have been sought in vain at home." To advance in a desultory fashion, No. 8, 'Come and listen to my ditty,' better known as 'Cease, rude Boreas,' has more of the declamatory and ballad character of 'Chevy Chase,' and is, therefore, more probably a genuine tune than No. 7, the air to which Sheridan wrote 'Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.' This last, if we mistake not, the Irish have claimed; and it is worth a moment's consideration whether it may not be to its and Sheridan's nationality being one, that we owe the words. The air, at least, is of the same school as the undisputedly Hibernian 'O, nothing in life can sadden us!' On the other hand, No. 9, 'Derry Down,' alias the 'Abbot of Canterbury,' and appropriated, by Leveridge, to the words—

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,"

has turns and phrases which, being neither Scotch, Irish, nor Welsh, and closely akin to those of other melodies ('The Jolly Miller' for instance), dispose us to rank it among original English tunes as old, for aught we know, as the Canterbury Pilgrimage. To specify in what respect these turns and phrases are peculiar, is not very easy: every one, however, is familiar with the quaverings, the pauses, and the glides, which a popular tune, be it a *cabaletta* by Rossini, or a *corale* by Luther, will receive from our street musicians of the town, or our village psalm-singers. In this class of tunes, to which we refer 'Derry Down,' the pauses, glides and quaverings aforesaid, if not ready made, are encouraged and allowed for by the structure of the air. No. 10, 'Pretty Polly Oliver,' is a beautiful melody, but to all appearance as certainly the composition of a trained musician as Arne's 'Hymn of Eve,' or 'When forced from dear Hebe to go': and as such only to be admitted as a national tune, on the same ground as the Drinking Song in 'Der Freischütz,' or the delicious 'Der May' in 'Euryanthe.' No. 11, is the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' in its day as hackneyed an object of allusion to our dramatists (see Mr. Chappell's very pleasant and complete editorial collections on the matter) as 'Jim Crow' is now. We are puzzled in 'Green Sleeves' by one of those characteristics, the sudden step from semitone to semitone, already mentioned as common to Scotch and Irish airs; and therefore, in spite of the strong hold it has taken in England, cannot, without some misgivings, admit either its nationality or that of 'Old Sir Simon the King' (No. 18). On the

other hand, No. 14—No. 16—'Old King Cole,' (No. 35,) which, save for its rhythm, is all but identical with 'Robin Hood,' (No. 72)—Nos. 48 and 49, 'The Barking Barber,' (see also No. 179, where the air is printed as 'O the golden days of good Queen Bess,') best known by its refrain 'Bow, wow, wow:' and to which Mr. Chappell has appended the late Mr. J. Smith's 'Guy Faux,' as the most popular of many comic songs which have been set to a tune so marked and masculine—No. 52, 'The British Grenadier,' and No. 55, 'The London Prentice,'—No. 131, 'I've got twelve pence,'—all these, we say, and many others in the collection, allowing for the difference between major and minor keys, bear so strong a family likeness to each other, that in spite of their being totally devoid of any of those quaint turns or inequalities which characterize most national airs, Mirth may, we think, safely "admit them of her (English) crew." Many of them, particularly in their second parts, by the formality of their progression, and the boldness of their movement, (to render which aright, the singer's voice must, as it were, *step out*), claim a close cousinship with certain stately Welsh tunes, which latter, by their grace and dignity, and the total absence of any tones and turns to be excused or accounted for, would seem not to have originated fortuitously, but to have been composed by skilful minstrels, understanding not only the modes of their complete instruments, but the beauty which lies in orderly composition. No. 119, indeed, which is given from the Haerlem collection, and is there entitled 'Op de Engelsche Foulle. Of: Walsch Wallinneken,' might, we think, from its structure, be set down as a Welsh melody by any one, until precise evidence is given to the contrary. A like similarity of style between English airs and those of the Principality, may be traced in 'Felton's Gavot,' (No. 64,) the second part of which closely resembles that of 'The Queen's Dream': each being as regular in its beauty as if Haydn,—that nicest balancer of parts among the melodists,—had penned it. To point out many more resemblances, coincidences, and points to be canvassed, in a collection so extensive as this, would lead us to a disproportionate length: one or two, however, cannot be passed unnoticed. No. 45, 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' and No. 172, 'The girl I left behind me,' are claimed by Mr. Chappell from the Irish. No. 121, 'Cold and raw'—the identical tune, by demanding which as a familiar ditty from Mrs. Arabella Hunt, the songstress, Mary, queen "of the glorious and immortal" William, grievously affronted the vanity of Purcell, who had waited upon her to perform some of his new compositions—is, by Mr. Chappell, denied to the Scotch, in defiance of Sir John Hawkins, in defiance of the Northerners having long claimed it as 'Cauld blaws the wind from east to west,' or, in our judgment, the yet stronger collateral evidence of certain turns in the air so closely like those in 'Orangaill' and other undoubted Highland tunes, as to make it far more probably the property of the Gael than the Southron. No. 151, 'The Hunting of the Hare,' according to the editor, must no longer be considered as a native of the Principality. Upon none of these exactions are we disposed to enter into debate, for reasons already given. We cannot however forbear to remark, that the reasons by which Mr. Chappell accounts for the popularity of 'The girl I left behind me,' in Ireland, which he ascribes "to its having been carried into every part by the army," tells both ways. The Gowers, and Fluellens, and Archie Armstrongs, and Turlogh O'Briens, who filled our legions and crowded our antechambers, did not, when they came to gather English gold, always leave their minstrelsy behind them. Then, as regards alterations made by modern adapters in

tunes, on the plea of which Mr. Chappell (see the note, p. 135 of his letter-press) would support the claims he urges,—alterations owned by Mr. Power, when defending the copyright of the Irish Melodies,—they tell for little unless we could be sure that no changes have been made by the elder collectors, on whom Mr. Chappell implicitly relies—the editors of the Amsterdam and Haerlem miscellanies, for instance. The musician's hand, as we remarked at the time of reviewing it, is singularly evident in the closes of some of the melodies in the Skene MS.—the ancient copyists' blundering redundancy, we think, no less discernible, as accounting for the odd fifth bar in the second part of the dance tune, No. 44, (Chappell's collection) otherwise so strangely like the Irish dance 'O, nothing in life can sadden us.' Without reference to some law laid down, or some limit traced, by which style may more or less be tested, Tradition is of little substantial assistance in enlarging or retrenching our possessions. And for the law and the limit, we cannot but again refer the student to the more visionary and fantastic speculations with which we started.

As, however, we dare not venture to use these, save with hesitation, it is but by observing a constancy in dissimilarity to the recognized characteristics of Scotch, Welsh, or Irish tunes, that we venture to class the genuine English melodies into three divisions. These are made up of the ballad tunes in triple time, such as 'Chevy Chase' and 'Sally in our alley,'—the bold marches, such as 'Old King Cole,' and its cousins german—and the *Sicilianas*, of which 'Derry Down' and 'The Jolly Miller' are minor examples, and that lovely tune 'The Farmer's Son,' (No. 74) a major one. If there be any reasonableness in these boundary lines, and any authority in analogy, it follows that we must question the fraternity of more than one beautiful melody in the collection. We must own that No. 105, 'The Willow Tree'—the plaintive sweetness of which is almost without a parallel—is, in character strangely Hibernian, as will be seen by comparing it with 'Shoul Aroon'—and we must decidedly give back to Italy 'Parthenia,' (No. 78,) that melody reprinted from 'The Dancing Master,' which is note for note the subject of Handel's 'Pastoral Symphony' in the 'Messiah.' This, indeed, is neither more nor less than one of the hymns sung about the streets of Rome at Christmas, and played before a favourite Madonna, by many a Calabrian *pifferari*—known as such to Corelli—and as such used by Corelli in the final movement of his beautiful Nativity Concerto.

The fulness of matter in this book has tempted us further into comparison and speculation than at the outset we intended. And yet we have not touched—nor have here room to touch upon many of its features, very completely wrought out by Mr. Chappell, whose editorial notes are excellent, because full of references. He has assembled many of the snatches of song introduced into Shakespeare's plays. He has, moreover, got together many of the popular ditties of our craftsmen, sportsmen, poachers and beggars, and in an interesting note to 'The Carman's Whistle,' (No. 231) has brought a cloud of witnesses to prove that in the good old days of England, music was so far a part of popular education, that the household servant even was required to be able to troll a ballad: of course for the sake of modesty and domestic order, "forbearing to use any scurrilous words in his tunes,"—that the "baker," like the bee, was thought none the less industrious for "singing at his flowery work,"—and that a supposititious son of Crispin was detected for an impostor by his being found unable to bear a part in those jovial tunes, as expressly composed and fitted for the English

profession, as the 'Souters of Selkirk' was for those who laboured with awl and lap-stone on the further side of the Debateable Land! Whether the Fates ordain that those merry musical days should return in Queen Victoria's reign, let Mr. Varley, Francis Moore, physician, and the rest of the College of Astrologers, calculate. At all events, the Art, from our Mechanics' Institutes, is beginning to return towards our national schools. Other signs, too, of its advancement among the people we watch and chronicle, much to our own contentment, and—*Da capo*—among those of the year 1840, the completion of this fullest and best edited collection of English airs upon which it has fallen to our lot to make notes.

*History of the Mameluke Sultans of Egypt.* By Makrizi, translated into French by M. Quatremère. Vol. II.

*Hajji Khalfa's Bibliographic Lexicon.* Translated into Latin by Gustavus Fluegel. Vol. II. Printed for the Oriental Translation Committee.

THE first volume of M. Quatremère's translation of Makrizi has excited so much attention, that a copy of it is not to be had in Paris; the second volume is likely to be still more popular, for the greater part is devoted to the reign of the celebrated Sultan Bibars, by whom the last Christian dynasty in Palestine was subverted, and the possessions of the Crusaders reduced to the single fortress of Acre. As we do not yet possess in any western language a history of the Egyptian Mamelukes, we shall select a few anecdotes illustrating the character of the most celebrated of the Baharite dynasty, and showing that the fanaticism by which the Latins were expelled from the Holy Land, was not inferior to that which enabled them to achieve its conquest.

At the siege of Cæsarea the Arabian historians relate many anecdotes of the personal bravery of Bibars:—

"His chief amusement was to gallop up and down between the two armies, without any person daring to look at him or point at him with the finger. Amongst the persons who shared in the expedition, there were many ministers of religion, anchorites, lawyers, fakers, and men of all classes. No wine and no species of debauchery were seen in the camp. Virtuous women came into the midst of the combat, bringing drink to the soldiers, and assisting in dragging up the engines of war."

The insulting letter which Bibars wrote to Bohemond, Prince of Antioch, and Count of Tripoli, when Antioch was stormed, is now for the first time published. It is a remarkable document, and the skill with which the writer groups together all the horrors of Eastern warfare, has rarely been surpassed.

"The illustrious, honourable, and warlike Count, the lion of the battle-field, the glory of the Christian nation, the most famous of the adorers of Jesus, he whose title has been changed from prince to count by the capture of Antioch, (may God guide him in the right way, and give him grace to listen to auspicious counsels,) knows right well that we have marched towards Tripoli, and carried war into the heart of his states. He has seen, since we began our march, buildings destroyed, churches levelled to the ground, men extended on the plain, harvests reaped by the sword; the heaps of carcases which fell along the shore formed islets in the sea; the soldiers have been slain, and their children enslaved; noble ladies have been dragged into servitude; groves and gardens have been cut down for our palisades and engines of war; we have swept away everything that belonged to your subjects—money, wives, children, flocks; our poor have become rich, our bachelors have found spouses, our foot-men have acquired steeds, our very slaves are now masters of slaves in their turn. When we evacuated your land, all your flocks and herds followed in our train, all your daughters owned us as their lords, all your columns were cut down by our axes.... Could you but see the dwellings of your adherents now vacant and de-



serted, your chariots taken, your galleys captured, you would be convinced that God who gave you Antioch has resumed his gift, and has buried beneath the earth that citadel which he bestowed upon you."

We were rather disappointed at not finding some account of the campaign of Edward Longshanks in Palestine. There is only a brief notice of his arrival and departure; but from a letter written by the Sultan to his Emirs in Egypt, the anecdote of the attempt to assassinate the English prince does not appear quite so improbable as it has been represented by some historians.

"I will mention a fact to you, which shows that we know how to employ the dagger as well as the sword. The prince of Marakiah, whom we deprived of his realm, fled to the Tartars to implore aid. We sent several *jeidaouis* (initiated assassins) after him. One of these returned to-day, and brought back word that he and his companions had surprised and slain the prince. Ever since we received news of the advance of the Tartars, I have kept my horses saddled all night, and have never taken off an article of dress, not even my spurs."

M. Quatremère has added very valuable notes to his translation, which, when completed, will be the most perfect history of the Mameluke dynasties in Egypt that yet exists. We may observe, that this was one of the subjects which Ockley, the author of the History of the Saracens, intended to have illustrated, and allusions are frequently made to it by the English Orientalists of the last century; but it was abandoned when the decline of the Levant Company diverted attention from the Turkish empire and its dependencies.

'Hajji Khalfa's Bibliographic Lexicon' is the standard authority in Arabic literature. The editor has collated the best manuscripts in the great libraries of Europe; and it is gratifying to add, that the leading Orientalists of the continent have freely given him access to their private stores, deeming that a good edition of this Lexicon will be an invaluable aid to all who are anxious to become acquainted with the literary triumphs of the Arabs in the palmy days of the Khaliphate.

*The Pathfinder; or, the Inland Sea: a Romance.* By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.

OUR heartiest greeting always awaits Mr. Cooper, when—laying aside his antechamber cares, his discussions about dinners at the Ambassador's, the etiquette observed in the drawing-room, and the ill-breeding of all the world, himself excepted,—he betakes himself, like a true man and poet, to bring home to our firesides, by the magic of his descriptions, some of those wide and wild features of American nature, beside the magnificence of which the lakes, and woods, and fells of the dear mother country dwindle into the dimensions of the bits of broken glass, and green sprigs, and pinches of clay, which in the child's show-box represent water, tree, and mountain. The inland sea of Ontario was sure, in such hands, to prove as captivating a subject as the broad ocean or the prairie; and we prepared to meet in 'The Pathfinder' another escape through the woods, like that in 'The Last of the Mohicans,'—another race over the waters, as in former sea romances,—or another land siege, like the fearful leaguer of the block-house, described in 'The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.' The event has proved us to be well nigh as sagacious as Mr. Cooper's hero himself, yet not perfect; for in place of any one of these stirring passages, the American novelist gives us all three. Were he disposed to adopt the fashion of Victor Hugo in his dramas, and Bulwer in his novels, and christen each division of his tale with its own characteristic title, the first volume of the work before us might be called the Trail, the second the Lake, the third the Siege. Yet

it is fair to apprise the reader, that the interest of the story is as unflaggingly maintained, as if it were the first of its family.

The characters in 'The Pathfinder' are few,—Mr. Cooper always works best with the simplest materials. The hero, who is appointed to conduct a sergeant's daughter, through the woods, to the frontier fortress, where her father is on duty, is the old original Leatherstocking, or Hawk-eye, who is to Mr. Cooper what Abraham Adams was to Fielding, and Clementina to Richardson—his best creation; and, as such, lingered over with a natural preference. Here, however, we have the dweller of the woods touched by the tender passion, and kindled thereby to a homely and pathetic eloquence, which is thoroughly Wordsworthian—that is, a trifle more gentle and exalted than Nature's would be, but still human in its beauty. Jaspas Eandouce, again, the commander of the Scout cutter, is that skilful sailor who does the feats—this time on fresh water—which Mr. Cooper writes down so brilliantly for the world to read so breathlessly. The new point of the book, as far as concerns developement of character, is caused by the opposition of Eau-douce to Mabel's uncle, the sea captain. We have Ocean *versus* Lake with a vengeance—for Charles Cap, the seafaring man, holds with the hero of Dibdin's song, who, in a hurricane at sea, finds lungs and stout heart to sing

Lord help us! how I pity the silly folks ashore!

Everything that hath not "the ancient and fish-like smell" of the great deep, is Cap's abomination: to hear him talk, there is neither virtue, nor skill, nor marvel, nor salvation, on the land; and the Lake Ontario, from its mimicry of the sea,—how much more one concerned in its navigation and ignorant of salt-water practice!—irritates his scorn beyond the point of courtesy. The reader shall have a glimpse of him, with all his pigtail (not *perruque*) notions:—

"Well, Master Cap," asked the Pathfinder innocently, for he did not detect the expression of contempt that was gradually settling on the features of the other; "is it not a beautiful sheet, and fit to be named a sea?"—"This, then, is what you call your lake?" demanded Cap, sweeping the northern horizon with his pipe. "I say, is this really your lake?"—"Surtain; and, if the judgment of one who has lived on the shores of many others can be taken, a very good lake it is."—"Just as I expected. A pond in dimensions, and a scuttle-but in taste. It is all in vain to travel inland, in the hope of seeing anything either full-grown or useful. I knew it would turn out just in this way."—"What is the matter with Ontario, Master Cap? It is large, and fair to look at, and pleasant enough to drink, for those who can't get at the water of the springs."—"Do you call this large?" asked Cap, again sweeping the air with his pipe. "I will just ask you what there is large about it? Didn't Jasper himself confess that it was only some twenty leagues from shore to shore?"—"But uncle," interposed Mabel; "no land is to be seen, except here on our own coast. To me it looks exactly like the ocean."—"This bit of a pond look like the ocean! Well, Magnet, that from a girl who has had real seamen in her family is downright nonsense. What is there about it, pray, that has even the outline of a sea on it?"—"Why, there is water—water—water—nothing but water, for miles on miles—far as the eye can see."—"And isn't there water—water—water—nothing but water for miles on miles, in your rivers, that you have been canoeing through, too?"—"ay, and "as far as the eye can see," in the bargain?"—"Yes, uncle, but the rivers have their banks, and there are trees along them, and they are narrow."—"And isn't this a bank where we stand? don't the soldiers call this the bank of the lake? and ar'n't there trees in thousands? and ar'n't twenty leagues narrow enough of all conscience? Who the devil ever heard of the banks of the ocean, unless it might be the banks that are under water?"—"But, uncle, we cannot see across this lake, as we can see across a river."—"There you are out, Magnet. Ar'n't

the Amazon, and Oronoco, and La Plata rivers, and can you see across them? Hark'e, Pathfinder, I very much doubt if this stripe of water here, be even a lake; for to me it appears to be only a river. You are by no means particular about your geography, I find, up here in the woods."—"There you are out, Master Cap. There is a river, and a noble one too, at each end of it; but this is old Ontario before you; and, though it is not my gift to live on a lake, to my judgment there are few better than this."—"And, uncle, if we stood on the beach at Rocaway, what more should we see, than we now behold? There is a shore on one side, or banks there, and trees, too, as well as those which are here."—"This is perverse-ness, Magnet, and young girls should steer clear of anything like obstinacy. In the first place, the ocean has coasts, but no banks, except the Grand Banks, as I tell you, which are out of sight of land; and you will not pretend that this bank is out of sight of land, or even under water?"—"As Mabel could not very plausibly set up this extravagant opinion, Cap pursued the subject, his countenance beginning to discover the triumph of a successful disputant. "And then them trees bear no comparison to these trees. The coasts of the ocean have farms, and cities, and country-seats, and, in some parts of the world, castles and monasteries, and lighthouses—ay, ay—lighthouses, in particular, on them; not one of all which things is to be seen here. No, no, Master Pathfinder; I never heard of an ocean that hadn't more or less lighthouses on it; whereas, here-away there is not even a beacon."—"There is what is better, there is what is better; a forest and noble trees, a fit temple of God."—"Ay, your forest may do for a lake; but of what use would an ocean be if the earth all around it were forest? Ships would be unnecessary, as timber might be floated in rafts, and there would be an end of trade; and what would a world be without trade? I am of that philosopher's opinion, who says human nature was invented for the purposes of trade. Magnet, I am astonished that you should think this water even looks like seawater! Now, I dare say, that there isn't such a thing as a whale in all your lake, Master Pathfinder?"—"I never heard of one, I will confess; but I am no judge of animals that live in the water, unless it be the fishes of the rivers and the brooks."—"Nor a grampus, nor a porpoise even? not so much as a poor devil of a shark?"—"I will not take it on myself to say there is either. My gifts are not in that way, I tell you, Master Cap."—"Nor herring, nor albatross, nor flying-fish?" continued Cap, who kept his eye fastened on the guide, in order to see how far he might venture. "No such thing as a fish that can fly, I dare say?"—"A fish that can fly! Master Cap, Master Cap, do not think, because we are mere borderers, that we have no ideas of natur', and what she has been pleased to do. I know there are squirrels that can fly."—"A squirrel fly!—the devil, Master Pathfinder. Do you suppose that you have got a boy on his first v'y'ge, up here among you?"—"I know nothing of your v'y'ges, Master Cap, though I suppose them to have been many; but as for what belongs to natur' in the woods, what I have seen I may tell, and not fear the face of man."—"And do you wish me to understand that you have seen a squirrel fly?"—"If you wish to understand the power of God, Master Cap, you will do well to believe that, and many other things of a like natur', for you may be quite certain it is true."

Without unfairly poaching upon the teller's domain of mystery and suspense, we must just inform the reader that Master Cap learns to entertain a little more respect for the inland sea ere he has done with it, and to admit that there are tricks in navigation unprovided for by Norie, and yet not altogether despicable. He is indeed, at last, willing to believe that such a water privilege as Niagara may exist. By the way, the passing mention of that much described, but indescribable, wonder of the world,—introduced vol. 2, pp. 288-3, &c.—like a distant roar of its own cataracts borne on the wind, is a touch of the true artist. Mabel Dunham, the niece of Cap, the heroine of the tale, like other of Mr. Cooper's heroines, is simple in outline, and shadowy in colouring. We shall take leave to in-

roduce her to the reader at the moment when the noble-hearted Pathfinder first "tells his love":—

"We are very far, here, from human habitations!" exclaimed Mabel, when, after a long and musing survey of the scene, its principal peculiarities forced themselves on her active and ever brilliant imagination; "this is indeed being on a frontier." "Have they more sightly scenes than this nearer the sea and around their large towns?" demanded Pathfinder, with an interest he was apt to discover in such a subject. "I will not say that; there is more to remind one of his fellow-beings there than here; less, perhaps, to remind one of God." "You say all I wish to say myself, Mabel, but in so much plainer speech, that you make me ashamed of wishing to let others know what I feel on such matters. I have coasted this lake in search of skins afore the war, and have been here already; not at this very spot, for we landed yonder, where you may see the blasted oak that stands above the cluster of hemlocks." "How, Pathfinder, can you remember all these trifles so accurately?" "These are our streets and houses; our churches and palaces. Remember them, indeed! I once made an appointment with the Big Serpent, to meet at twelve o'clock at noon, near the foot of a certain pine, at the end of six months, when neither of us was within three hundred miles of the spot. The tree stood, and stands still, unless the judgment of Providence has lighted on that too, in the midst of the forest, fifty miles from any settlement, but in a most extraordinary neighbourhood for beaver." "And did you meet at that very spot and hour?" "Does the sun rise and set? When I reached the tree, I found the Serpent leaning against its trunk." "And where is the Delaware now? why is he not with us to-day?" "He is scouting on the Mingo trail, where I ought to have been too, but for a great human infirmity." "You seem above, beyond, superior to all infirmity, Pathfinder; I never yet met with a man who appeared to be so little liable to the weaknesses of nature." "If you mean in the way of health and strength, Mabel, Providence has been kind to me; though I fancy the open air, long hunts, active scoutings, forest fare, and the sleep of a good conscience, may always keep the doctors at a distance. But I am human after all; yes, I find I'm very human in some of my feelings."

"Mabel looked surprised, and it would be no more than delineating the character of her sex if we added that, her sweet countenance expressed a good deal of curiosity, too, though her tongue was more discreet."

"There is something bewitching in this wild life of yours, Pathfinder," she exclaimed, a tinge of enthusiasm mantling her cheeks. "I find I'm fast getting to be a frontier girl, and am coming to love all this grand silence of the woods." "The woods are never silent, Mabel, to such as understand their meaning. Days at a time have I travelled them alone, without feeling the want of company; and, as for conversation, for such as can comprehend their language, there is no want of rational and instructive discourse." "I believe you are happier when alone, Pathfinder, than when mingling with your fellow-creatures." "I will not say that, I will not say exactly that. I have seen the time when I have thought that God was sufficient for me in the forest, and that I craved no more than his bounty and his care. But other feelings have got uppermost, and I suppose nature will have its way. All other creatures mate, Mabel, and it was intended man should do so too." "And have you never bethought you of seeking a wife, Pathfinder, to share your fortunes," inquired the girl, with the directness and simplicity that the pure of heart and the undesigning are the most apt to manifest, and with that feeling of affection which is inbred in her sex. "To me, it seems, you only want a home to return to, from your wanderings, to render your life completely happy." "I understand you, Mabel; and God bless you for thinking of the welfare of men as humble as we are. We have our pleasures, it is true, as well as our gifts, but we might be happier." "Every creature has its gifts, Mabel, and men have theirs," said the guide, looking stealthily at his beautiful companion, whose cheeks had flushed and eyes brightened under the ardour of feelings, excited by the novelty of her

striking situation; "and all must obey them. Do you see yonder pigeon that is just alighting on the beach,—here in a line with the fallen chestnut?" "Certainly; it is the only thing stirring with life in it, besides ourselves, that is to be seen in this vast solitude." "Not so, Mabel, not so; Providence makes nothing that lives to live quite alone. Here is its mate, just rising on the wing; it has been feeding near the other beach, but it will not long be separated from its companion." "I understand you, Pathfinder," returned Mabel, smiling sweetly, though as calmly as if the discourse was with her father. "But a hunter may find a mate, even in this wild region. The Indian girls are affectionate and true, I know; for such was the wife of Arrowhead, to a husband who oftener frowned than smiled." "That would never do, Mabel, and good would never come of it. Kind must cling to kind, and country to country, if one would find happiness. If, indeed, I could meet with one like you, who would consent to be a hunter's wife, and who would not scorn my ignorance and rudeness, then, indeed, would all the toil of the past appear like the sporting of the young deer, and all the future like sunshine." "One like me!—Surely, surely, Pathfinder, you would not think of choosing one as ignorant, as frivolous, as vain, and as inexperienced as I, for your wife?" Mabel would have added, "and as young;" but an instinctive feeling of delicacy repressed the words. "And why not, Mabel? If you are ignorant of frontier usages, you know more than all of us of pleasant anecdotes and town customs; as for frivolous, I know not what it means; but if it signifies beauty, ah! yes, me! I fear it is no fault in my eyes. Vain you are not, as is seen by the kind manner in which you listen to all my idle tales about scoutings and trails; and as for experience, that will come with years. Besides, Mabel, I fear men think little of these matters when they are about to take wives: I do." "Pathfinder, your words,—your looks,—surely, all this is meant in trifling; you speak in pleasantness?" "To me it is always agreeable to be near you, Mabel; and I should sleep sounder this blessed night than I have done for a week past, could I think that you find such discourse as pleasant as I do."

"We shall not say that Mabel Dunham had not believed herself a favourite with the guide. This her quick feminine sagacity had early discovered; and perhaps she had occasionally thought there had mingled with his regard and friendship some of that manly tenderness which the ruder sex must be coarse indeed, not to show on occasions to the gentler; but the idea that he seriously sought her for his wife had never before crossed the mind of the spirited and ingenuous girl. Now, however, a gleam of something like the truth broke in upon her imagination, less induced by the words of her companion, perhaps, than by his manner. Looking earnestly into the rugged honest countenance of the scout, Mabel's own features became concerned and grave; and when she spoke again, it was with a gentleness of manner that attracted him to her even more powerfully than the words themselves were calculated to repel."

"You and I should understand each other, Pathfinder," she said with an earnest sincerity, "nor should there be any cloud between us. You are too upright and frank to meet with anything but sincerity and frankness in return. Surely, surely, all this means nothing,—has no other connexion with your feelings than such a friendship as one of your wisdom and character would naturally feel for a girl like me?" "I believe it's all nat'ral, Mabel; yes, I do: the Sergeant tells me he had such feelings towards your own mother, and I think I've seen something like it in the young people I have from time to time guided through the wilderness. Yes, yes, I dare say it's all nat'ral enough, and that makes it come so easy, and is a great comfort to me." "Pathfinder, your words make me uneasy. Speak plainer, or change the subject for ever. You do not, cannot mean that—you cannot wish me to understand—even the tongue of the spirited Mabel faltered, and she shrank, with maiden shame, from adding what she wished so earnestly to say. Rallying her courage, however, and determined to know all as soon and as plainly as possible, after a moment's hesitation, she continued, "I mean, Pathfinder, that you do not wish me to understand that you seriously think of me as a wife?" "I do, Mabel; that's it, that's just it." "The

Sergeant and I have concluded on the matter, if it is agreeable to you, as he thinks is likely to be the case; though I doubt my own power to please one who deserves the best husband America can produce."

"Mabel's countenance changed from uneasiness to surprise; and then, by a transition still quicker, from surprise to pain. "My father!" she exclaimed,—my dear father has thought of my becoming your wife, Pathfinder?" "Yes, he has, Mabel, he has, indeed. He has even thought such a thing might be agreeable to you, and has almost encouraged me to fancy it might be true."

"The scout looked earnestly into the beautiful face of Mabel, which had flushed with the ardour and novelty of her sensations, and it was not possible to mistake the intense admiration that betrayed itself in every lineament of his ingenuous countenance. "I have often thought myself happy, Mabel, when ranging the woods on a successful hunt, breathing the pure air of the hills, and filled with vigour and health; but I now know that it has all been idleness and vanity compared with the delight it would give me to know that you thought better of me than you think of most others." "Better of you!—I do, indeed, think better of you, Pathfinder, than of most others: I am not certain that I do not think better of you than of any other; for your truth, honesty, simplicity, justice, and courage, are scarcely equalled by any of earth." "Ah! Mabel," these were sweet and encouraging words from you; and the Sergeant, after all, was not as near wrong as I feared." "Nay, Pathfinder, in the name of all that is sacred and just, do not let us misunderstand each other, in a matter of so much importance. While I esteem, respect, nay, reverence you, almost as much as I reverence my own dear father, it is impossible that I should ever become your wife—that I—"

"The change in her companion's countenance was so sudden and so great, that the moment the effect of what she had uttered became visible in the face of the Pathfinder, Mabel arrested her own words, notwithstanding her strong desire to be explicit, the reluctance with which she could at any time cause pain being sufficient of itself to induce the pause. Neither spoke for some time, the shade of disappointment that crossed the rugged lineaments of the hunter, amounting so nearly to anguish, as to frighten his companion, while the sensation of choking became so strong in the Pathfinder, that he fairly gripped his throat, like one who sought physical relief for physical suffering. "Nay, Pathfinder," Mabel eagerly added, the instant she could command her voice—"I may have said more than I mean; for all things of this nature are possible, and women, they say, are never sure of their own minds. What I wish you to understand is, that it is not likely that you and I should ever think of each other, as man and wife ought to think of each other." "I do not. I shall never think in that way again, Mabel," gasped forth the Pathfinder, who appeared to utter his words, like one just raised above the pressure of some suffocating substance. "No, no, I shall never think of you, or any one else, again, in that way." "Oh! this is worse than I could have imagined; take my hand, excellent Pathfinder, and let me see that you do not hate me. For God's sake, smile upon me again." "Hate you Mabel! Smile upon you! Ah! me!" "Nay, give me your hand; your hardy true and manly hand—both, both, Pathfinder! for I shall not be easy until I feel certain that we are friends again, and that all this has been a mistake." "Mabel!" said the guide, looking wistfully into the face of the generous and impetuous girl, as she held his two hard and sunburnt hands in her own pretty and delicate fingers, and laughing in his own silent and peculiar manner, while anguish gleamed over lineaments which seemed incapable of deception, even while agitated with emotions so conflicting, "Mabel! the Sergeant was wrong."

"The pent-up feelings could endure no more, and the tears rolled down the cheeks of the scout like rain." "The Sergeant was wrong," exclaimed the guide, laughing through his agony, in a way to terrify his companion by the unnatural mixture of anguish and light-heartedness. "I knew it, I knew it, and said it; yes, the Sergeant was wrong after all." "We can be friends, though we cannot be man and wife," continued Mabel, almost as much disturbed as her companion, scarcely knowing what she said; "we



can always be friends, and always will."—"I thought the Sergeant was mistaken," resumed the Pathfinder, when a great effort had enabled him to command himself, "for I did not think my gifts were such as would please the fancy of a town-bred girl. It would have been better, Mabel, had he not over-persuaded me into a different notion; and it might have been better, too, had you not been so pleasant and confiding like; yes it would."—"If I thought any error of mine had raised false expectations in you, Pathfinder, however unintentionally on my part, I should never forgive myself; for, believe me, I would rather endure pain in my own feelings, than you should suffer."—"That's just it, Mabel; that's just it. These speeches and opinions, spoken in so soft a voice, and in a way I'm so unused to in the woods, have done the mischief."

Such a maiden was sure to be a general favourite. Her cynosureship at the fort, gives the author occasion to introduce a scene of shooting at a mark, for a calash, by way of prize, which is in his best manner; while the charm which she exercises over the denizens of the woods,—over Arrowhead, the Indian, as well as Pathfinder, the "pale face,"—enables him once more, and this time very sweetly, to contrast the maiden with the squaw. Dew-of-June, Arrowhead's wife, and Mabel's friend, is as charming as her name. More remains not to be said concerning this novel.

*A Missionary's Travels in Egypt, Syria, and Western Africa.* By R. Maxwell Macbrair. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

THIS book neither challenges nor deserves any lengthened criticism; for it contains very little that is either new or interesting. The writer proceeded to Egypt through France and Italy, and though we do not mean to join company with him until he has fairly ascended the Nile, we must remark *en passant* that his comments on the manners and morals of the French and Italians are equally shallow and presumptuous.

We shall now hurry, as he appears to have done, over the beaten highway of European travellers, across the blue sea, and start at once for the Pyramids:—

"I did not by any means feel myself so overwhelmed with amazement at the sight, as some gorgeous travellers and French officers have represented themselves. I had expected to witness very large objects; and as they are seen from a great distance, the mind is gradually prepared for a closer survey. Did the Pyramids present themselves at once before the eyes of a person who had never heard anything about them, I can easily conceive that he would be struck with amazement; but, considering that one must usually perceive them for many days previously, both in ascending the Nile and from the city of Cairo, and then afterwards approach them leisurely for two or three hours, I confess that I am apt to regard some of those wonderful sensations produced upon visitors as savouring a little of high colouring. The Pyramids are certainly enormous masses of masonry: the base of the largest being said to cover eleven acres, and to be five or six hundred feet in height,—so that St. Paul's Cathedral would be a mere shadow by its side. Yet since they are situated in a vast plain, with mountains stretching beyond them, and drifted sand piled up against their sides, much of the otherwise striking effect is taken away from the traveller's imagination."

There is, we have no doubt, some deduction to be made, on the score of imagination and the grand associations of both sacred and profane history, from the descriptions given by many travellers of these stupendous fabrics of the desert; there is also some truth in the author's remarks on the effects of the surrounding scenery and the mode in which the Pyramids grow upon the eye during a long approach, instead of bursting abruptly upon it; but we nevertheless think that they belong to a class of objects which it requires a marvellous exemption from the imaginative faculties to survey as mere masses of

brick and mortar, and estimate by the number of linear and square feet, like the productions of modern masonry. Few missionaries are, we believe, of so cool and unpoetic a temperament as Mr. Macbrair. Religious enthusiasm is commonly a particular manifestation of a general fervour and excitability. The author has none of this; the only warmth he displayed during his excursion to the Pyramids seems to have been the irritation of his temper at the natural desire of his guides to secure the reward of their services:—

"In the dark and intricate passages of the interior, our Bedouins tried every method of frightening us out of a *baksheesh*. They know that the Janissary will take care that they are only fairly paid for their trouble; and they thus try to extort money out of fearful travellers. However, I appeared not to understand one word that they said, and bid them speak English, knowing that for their heads' sake they durst do nothing except with their tongues. They occasionally also suffer for their insolence, which is so foreign to an Englishman's sensibilities that he sometimes gives them a good thrashing instead of a pecuniary recompense. Such payment they complained of having received on the preceding day; and we gave them to understand that they probably well deserved it, and might also perhaps receive it again if they were not a little more courteous, a hint they appeared to take. We then saw the sphinx, of immense size, though now buried up to the neck in sand; wondered at the other Pyramids, and finally returned. I believe that I could build a far more splendid pyramid than any which we saw, if possessed of the same arbitrary power as an eastern despot. It would only be to order two or three hundred thousand persons to come to the work (and they durst not disobey), to command them to hew stones out of the adjacent mountains, and bring them to one place, and then direct these masses to be laid upon the top of each other in the form of a pyramid, just as a child builds up his play-bricks. As to the interior, a few Cornish miners would soon settle that concern, in a much superior style of workmanship to anything that is at present exhibited. The great marvel is, how the Egyptian kings could be such fools, and their subjects such slaves!"

Mr. Macbrair, though assuredly not the slave of imagination, seems a little addicted to the "fancy": his pugnacious emotions towards the poor Bedouins, who were his ciceroni, are not exactly the characteristics we expected to meet with in a Christian missionary. If the conversion of the Arabs was amongst his objects, it would certainly have been an odd and by no means an apostolic mode of setting about it, to have commenced by thrashing his first little congregation. Some pugilistic anecdotes, however, are recorded of the late Adam Clarke, a distinguished minister of the same persuasion, which, coupled with Mr. Macbrair's impulses at the Pyramids, might induce a belief that physical force is considered occasionally a useful help in the achievement of spiritual conquests. There is, too, an entertaining simplicity in the method employed in the above passage to depreciate the Pyramids. Mr. Macbrair could raise such piles himself, if he had only two or three hundred thousand men to work at his order, and sufficient mountains of stone to supply the materials! It would then be just as easy as it is to a child to "build up his play-bricks!" No doubt it would. The author's mode of criticizing the works of a Cheops or a Pharaoh resembles that which was once, with equal sagacity, applied to the works of Homer: only take from the Iliad the noble similes, the vivid descriptions, the spirited harangues, the pathetic dialogues, the animated combats, and there is nothing in the poem to deserve all the fuss that has been made about it.

From the account of the Nile, we extract the following vindication of Moses's mother from the charge of carelessness and cruelty, to which,

before he improved his theology by travel, Mr. Macbrair "used to think" she was obnoxious:—

"A very beautiful illustration of that 'ark of bulrushes' in which the infant Moses was exposed is also frequently displayed. I used to think, when a child, that Jochabed must have been a most careless mother to expose her baby in so slender a cradle, upon the bosom of the waters; for it is written, 'that she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch (or bitumen)', and put the child therein.'—Exodus, ii. 3. But Moses was nearly as secure in this slimy crib, as if he had been placed in a well-calced timber-boat. For I have seen many *cangiers* so heavily laden with cargo, that they must have sunk, had not a parapet of this slime been built upon their sides, like a bulwark: which alone sustained the force of the waters, being partly under the surface of the stream. The ark, therefore, would never have leaked till it had encountered a storm or rough weather, when it would have foundered or been broken to pieces."

The following is an account of the Frank doctors of Alexandria. The physician who held that tartarized antimony "acts by its specific gravity," maintained an opinion which he might have supported by the authority of no less a name than Paracelsus, whose famous antimony pill was administered successively to all his patients. The gravest learning of one age is the most ridiculous ignorance in another.

"The pacha has many Frank doctors in his employ, but some of them are deplorably ignorant and quackish. One was originally a bottle-blower, another an *attaché* to the army, a third a barber; but, according to Turkish notions, 'a man who is clever in one profession is fit for any other;' or else 'Mahomet gives him talents to fill any station which he may be called to occupy.' So a good courtier is sure to make an excellent admiral, though he may never have been on ship-board; and an active midshipman will do for a first-rate engineer. One of the above doctors had received a list of drugs from a correspondent in Italy, and, wishing to oblige him, he thought that he could not refuse to buy a small quantity of some cheap article: finding the muriate of soda to be marked at a very low rate, he ordered a few pounds of it to be sent; and was, in no small degree, surprised at receiving a package of common salt, for which he had no doubt to pay a good price, by reason of its carriage from Italy. The circumstance soon became known; and the doctor had long to bear the jokes of the Franks, upon this exposure of his professional ignorance. Yet to this same person was committed the medical care of the lazaret during the plague: when also, upon talking to two of my acquaintances concerning the purgative effects of tartarized antimony, he said,—'And then, you know, it acts by its specific gravity.'"

There is wide scope for ingenuity in the habit of seeking illustrations of scriptural incidents or phraseology in the manners or the circumstances of oriental countries at the present day. The present state of the roads in Syria, strikingly illustrates, according to Mr. Macbrair, the story of Balaam and his ass.

"The town of Beirut, itself, is mean and confined; is surrounded by walls, and contains a motley group of inhabitants. Its environs, however, are pretty. I was much struck with the narrowness of the high-roads, and the shocking state of disrepair in which they are suffered to remain; and several passages of scripture came to my mind, as being here finely illustrated. Foremost was that of Balaam and his ass. Many, like myself, have wondered how a public way could be so narrow as not to admit of a man passing by an ass; as it is written,—'But the Angel of the Lord stood in the path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side; and the Angel of the Lord went farther, and stood in a narrow place, where there was no way to turn, either to the right hand, or to the left; and the ass fell down,' &c. (See Numb. xxii. 24.) But, in this neighbourhood, a complete picture of such a place was frequently set before my view. The gardens and orchards are embanked, so as to prevent the soil from being washed away by the heavy rains, which fall twice a year; and the road between them is generally only a few

feet wide, being in some places so narrow that two asses could not pass each other, and much less could a loaded beast pass by a man standing in the middle of the path."

The author concurs with all eastern travellers in praise of the situation and scenery of Damascus. The reader will at once recollect the lines in 'Paradise Lost':—

Next him came Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, by the fertile banks  
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.

"After a laborious ascent of the steep mountains, the plains of Damascus suddenly opened upon our view; and we paused in astonishment, to gaze on the beautiful sight. It was like a garden of Paradise, filled with plenty and luxuriance; whilst the city itself, surrounded with more than two hundred villages, appeared to be imbedded in orchards, and watered by several meandering branches of the great river. The richness of the culture, the beauty of the foliage, the proud city rearing her minarets conspicuous in the plain, and the villages peeping out of their verdant lurking-places, exhibit a *tout ensemble* which is rarely equalled on this terrestrial ball."

In the settlements which Mr. Macbrair visited in Western Africa, he complains grievously—indeed, we never knew a religious man more given to complaining—that he found the English judges as ignorant of the law, as the Alexandrian physicians were of medicine. A case of oppression is described, in which the sufferer was a negro of St. Mary's. The author adds—

"Who was judge in this case? Why, the Colonial Secretary; who held the post of civil judge, in addition to all his other offices, though he had never been brought up to the legal profession! His knowledge of civil law was just as meagre, yet he was public prosecutor and king's advocate."

We suppose the judgments of this functionary operated, like the tartarized antimony of the Egyptian doctor, "by their specific gravity;" yet, as there is nothing new under the sun, Mr. Macbrair need not have been so much surprised to find, in Western Africa, professors unacquainted with the branch of learning they profess, or priests who can only read out of their own books.

"Another *maraboo* (a Mahometan priest) came to see me. He professed to be an Arabic scholar, but could only spell a word of two letters in the Testament. He then produced some papers of his own writing, which he read fluently, but knew not the meaning of their contents."

The following passage, with which we must conclude our notice, leads us to suspect that the Wesleyans might have selected a more judicious agent than Mr. Macbrair, for the important purpose of dispelling the darkness of Negro superstition.

"This morning we passed a place called Devil's Point, where our pilot consigned to the deep, in honour of his Satanic Majesty, a small portion of every eatable in the ship's cargo. My endeavours to prevent his doing so were fruitless;—'For,' said he, 'the white man's way, and the black man's way, are very different.' I told him, that, by making such an offering, and by wearing *gregreets*, he virtually acknowledged himself to be the devil's servant; and that, therefore, his master might come and take him away whenever he pleased."

Now did Mr. Macbrair really mean what he said?—"that his master (that is, the Devil) might come and take him away whenever he pleased!" Is it a tenet of the Wesleyan Methodists, or of any Christian sect, that the Prince of Darkness has the power to possess himself bodily of wicked people? It appears to us that the impression which Mr. Macbrair's conversation must have left on the mind of this poor ignorant African, was, that his Satanic Majesty—whom, in his simplicity, and perhaps in mere deference to custom, he had thus endeavoured to propitiate—was in fact far more powerful than he had imagined; and might come at any moment of time, pounce upon, and carry him off. A mis-

sionary—all persons indeed, but a missionary especially—should be careful that, in extirpating one superstition, he does not plant another, and a worse.

*A Legend of Cloth Fair, and other Tales.* Illustrated by Phiz. Southgate.

*Yorkshire Tales and Poems.* By Samuel Roberts. Whittaker.

WE have coupled these volumes together, upon something of a Mezentian principle, and for the contrast they present, rather than for any resemblance, either in form or design. Our readers are aware that, to facilitate our excursions through the wide, and too frequently the barren, fields of criticism, we occasionally ride a little hobby horse of our own; and that this metaphysical piece of machinery is mounted on the principle, that books, besides their more recognized merits, may become interesting as exponents of the sorts of brains from which they proceed, and to which they are directed. Many a time, when we have met with a work of which, in familiar phrase, we could make neither head nor tail, we have picked from it matter of pith or of amusement, by pondering on the intellectual condition of the author, or of the readers for whose especial entertainment he has catered. This is a licence in which an English, more than any other critic, can indulge. Other nations have a national literature, which performs its journeys upon established highways, and in established vehicles; but English literature is a regular fox-hunter, taking its pleasure across the country in any direction it prefers, stopping neither for hedge, ditch, nor bull-fence, and laughing the very idea of a trespass to scorn. In other words, the liberty of the British press, giving voice to our many civil and religious liberties, has rendered our literature a real republic, founded upon an universal suffrage that excludes not even the foolish nor the mad; and there is neither class nor condition, intellectual or social, that is not, or may not, if it chooses, be fully represented. In proportion as this state of things has developed itself,—that is, in proportion as the habit of reading has become diffused more widely in society,—our pretensions to a national literature have diminished, and numberless branch literatures have sprung up to supply its place, directed to specific objects, and originating in specific intellectual combinations, to meet the demand of specific markets. Even the very publishers, in a certain degree, neglect the general public, in a (perhaps unconscious) devotion to some favourite section; inasmuch that most well-informed persons know what to expect from a simple inspection of the impress at the foot of the title-page, and the cabalistic words Murray, Longman, or Colburn, there set down. Here, then, we have the elements of a new science, though no one has taken the pains to elaborate these facts into a system; a science which, if it does not eventually drive phrenology out of the field, must, at least, take its place on the same line with that discovery, and admit of even a much wider application. The bumps and protuberances of phrenology are, at best, but the tokens of potentialities, which may or may not be called into action; but a book printed and published is a fact, a record, a manifestation of the activity of the various moral and intellectual *inevances*, out of which it has sprung into existence.

Whoever overlooks the philosophical application of these truths, will stand but a small chance of knowing what public opinion is, in these countries; or of guessing, with any approach to accuracy, its tendency, either in our politics, science, or literature. We would recommend all those who pretend to foresight in these particulars, to draw up a statistical table of new publications with reference to this point, as the

best means of ascertaining the march of sense, or of nonsense. The want of some mechanical assistant of the sort is among the causes of that prevailing ignorance among statesmen and legislators, which leads them to overlook some of the most striking signs of the times; betraying them very frequently into an astonishment almost childish, upon the explosion of some long prepared riot, or the official recognition of the existence of some dogma, which has been for years, in the law phrase, "running up and down concealing itself" before the eyes of the whole community. Of this we have had some rather prominent examples lately. We imagine, at least, that if certain persons were as well acquainted as we are compelled to be with the endless varieties of theological trash which finds so extensive a sale in these kingdoms, and were aware of the habit of loose and inaccurate reasoning (which gives them circulation,) so prevalent not merely in the lowest classes of readers, they would not have been taken aback by the spread of Socialism, which is but its natural recoil; and still less would they imagine that it is an evil to be put down by persecution or prosecution. The same, too, might be said of Chartism, which no one could mistake for a transient ebullition, the creature of individual misdoings, if he had a true knowledge of the literature of the operatives, and of the wants and desires which that literature embodies.

But we are riding our hobby, in the true beggar-on-horseback fashion, and it is time for us to pull in and dismount. We trotted him out "for the nonce," merely to assist us in explaining why we coupled together two books of the most opposite description. The 'Legend of Cloth Fair' is a collection of smart, terse, and this-world-like stories, neatly told; and written expressly for periodical publication, and, therefore, of the genuine London school. 'The Yorkshire Tales and Poems' are of a religious and speculative character, and in form and substance of a decidedly country manufacture. Now, the differences between London and Sheffield cutlery are not more obvious to the expert in hardware, than these specimens of London and Sheffield literature to our critical eye. It is difficult to imagine that tales so different are addressed to the readers of one and the same nation. There is an earnestness of purpose in the Yorkshireman, as characteristic of the atmosphere he breathes, as the strikes and the mill machinery of his second story. There is also something wild, quaint, and unsophisticated too, about him, which is at open war with the Catholicity of the Londoner, both as to thought and manner. It must be clear that the respective readers of books, differing so widely as these, cannot understand each other. It is not, therefore, we repeat it, from London alone that a true knowledge of public opinion can be obtained. Whoever will take the trouble to enter into our country towns, and inquire what is the prevalent literature of each, especially among the middle and lower classes of readers, will get a better notion of the truth; and it will lead him to political considerations of a far greater importance, than those which circulate among the Whigs, Tories, and Radicals of club-houses and party coteries.

In a merely literary point of view, there is little to be said of these volumes. The 'Legend of Cloth Fair' is, for the most part, (as a preliminary advertisement declares,) a republication; and to the lovers of light reading it may prove acceptable in its present form. The literary pretensions of the other volume are of a humbler class, and it will find favour principally on account of the serious character of its subject matter, and as an appeal to local opinions and feelings.



*Loiterings of Travel.* By N. P. Willis. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

AN ingenious preface, in which the author owns to the slightness of the wares here laid before the public, and defends adroitly those past 'Pencilings' which have gained him so much notoriety, introduces us to a collection of fugitive stories, many of which have appeared in the periodicals of the day,—to fragments of verse, in the poet's most musical and finished manner, and scraps of a traveller's journal of wanderings in England and America;—the former, be it stated, guiltless of offence, and though not always correct in outline and colour, often sparkling and pleasant. The book, in short, is a parlour-window book, and cannot be better recommended to the parlour-window lounge, than by the following passage, from a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon:—

"I had stipulated with the hostess that my baggage should be put into the chamber occupied by Washington Irving. I was shown into it to dress for dinner—a small neat room, a perfect specimen, in short, of an English bed-room, with snow-white curtains, a looking glass the size of the face, a well polished grate and poker, a well fitted carpet, and as much light as heaven permits to the climate. Our dinner for two was served in a neat parlour on the same floor—an English inn dinner—simple, neat, comfortable in the sense of that word unknown in other countries. There was just fire enough in the grate, just enough for two in the different dishes, a servant who was just enough in the room, and just civil enough—in short, it was, like everything else in that country of adaptation and fitness, just what was ordered and wanted, and no more. The evening turned out stormy, and the rain pattered merrily against the windows. The shutters were closed, the fire blazed up with new brightness, the well fitted wax lights were set on the table; and when the dishes were removed, we replaced the wine with a tea tray, and sent for the hostess to give us her company and a little gossip over our cups. \* \* \* I have brought up, mem,' she said, producing a well-polished poker from under her black apron, before she took the chair set for her at the table.—'I have brought up a relic for you to see, that no money would buy from me.' She turned it over in my hand, and I read on one of the flat sides at the bottom, 'GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SCETPERE.' 'Do you remember Mr. Irving,' asked my friend, 'or have you supposed, since reading his sketch of Stratford-on-Avon, that the gentleman in number three might be the person?' The hostess drew up her thin figure, and the expression of a person about to compliment herself stole into the corners of her mouth. 'Why, you see, mem, I am very much in the habit of observing my guests, and I think I may say I know a superior gentleman when I see him. If you remember, mem' (and she took down from the mantelpiece a much-worn copy of the Sketch-Book). 'Geoffrey Crayon tells the circumstance of my stepping in when it was getting late, and asking if he had rung. I know it by that, and then the gentleman I mean was an American, and I think, mem, besides' (and she hesitated a little as if she was about to advance an original and rather venturesome opinion).—'I think I can see that gentleman's likeness all through this book.' A truer remark or a more just criticism was perhaps never made on the Sketch-Book. We smiled, and Mrs. Gardiner proceeded:—'I was in and out of the coffee-room the night he arrived, mem, and I see directly by his modest ways and timid look that he was a gentleman, and not fit company for the other travellers. They were all young men, sir, and business travellers, and you know, mem, ignorance takes the advantage of modest merit, and after their dinner they were very noisy and rude. So, I says to Sarah, the chambermaid, says I, 'That nice gentleman can't get near the fire, and you go and light a fire in number three, and he shall sit alone, and it shan't cost him nothing, for I like the look on him.' Well, mem, he seemed pleased to be alone, and after his tea, he puts his legs up over the grate, and there he sits with the poker in his hand till ten o'clock. The other travellers went to bed, and at last the house was as still as midnight, all but a poke in the grate

now and then in number three, and every time I heard it, I jumped up and lit a bed-candle, for I was getting very sleepy, and I hoped he was getting up to ring for a light. Well, mem, I nodded and nodded, and still no ring at the bell. At last I says to Sarah, says I, 'Go into number three, and upset something, for I am sure that gentleman has fallen asleep.'—'La, ma'am,' says Sarah, 'I don't dare.'—'Well, then,' says I, 'I'll go.' So I opens the door, and I says, 'If you please, sir, did you ring?' little thinking that question would ever be written down in such a beautiful book, mem. He sat with his feet on the fender poking the fire, and a smile on his face, as if some pleasant thought was in his mind. 'No, ma'am,' says he, 'I did not.' I shuts the door, and sits down again, for I hadn't the heart to tell him that it was late, for he was a gentleman not to speak rudely to, mem. Well, it was past twelve o'clock, when the bell did ring. 'There,' says I to Sarah, 'thank Heaven he has done thinking, and we can go to bed.' So he walked up stairs with his light, and the next morning he was up early and off to the Shakespeare house, and he brings me home a box of the mulberry tree, and asks me if I thought it was genuine, and said it was for his mother in America. And I loved him still more for that, and I'm sure I prayed she might live to see him return.' 'I believe she did, Mrs. Gardiner; but how soon after did you set aside the poker?' 'Why, sir, you see there's a Mr. Vincent that comes here sometimes, and he says to me one day, 'So, Mrs. Gardiner, you're finely immortalised. Read that.' So the minnit I read it, I remembered who it was, and all about it, and I runs and gets the number three poker, and locks it up safe and sound, and by and by I sends it to Brummagem, and has his name engraved on it, and here you see it, sir—and I wouldn't take no money for it.'"

Another scene, which will amuse our readers, is an account of a supper party after a private concert:—

"I was at one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense during the opera season, at which 'assisted' Julia Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Ivanhoff. Grisi came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, who had dined with her, and she walked into the room looking like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white, with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her chaperoned her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and under the excitement of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sung with a rapture and a *freshet* of glory (if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage—for it was worth her while. The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who are not only cultivated judges, but who sometimes repay delight with a present of diamonds. Lablache shook the house to its foundations in his turn; Rubini ran through his miraculous compass with the ease, truth, and melody for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and even fulness on the ear, and Russian Ivanhoff, the one southern singing-bird who has come out of the north, wire-drew his fine and spiritual notes, till they who had been flushed, and tearful, and silent, when the others had sung, drowned his voice in the poorer applause of exclamation and surprise. The concert was over by twelve, the gold and silver paper bills of the performance were turned into fans, and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the *prima donna* still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by foreign *attachés*, and in the highest elation at her own success. The doors of an inner suite of rooms were thrown open at last, and Grisi's cordon of admirers prepared to follow her in and wait on her at supper. At this moment, one of the powdered menials of the house stepped up and informed her very respectfully that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers! Medea, in her most tragic hour, never stood so absolutely the picture of hate, as did Grisi for a single instant, in the centre of that aristocratic crowd. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them, and for myself, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike.

I knew, then, that there was more than fancy—there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the *imaginary* passions she plays so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the high-born woman who had accompanied her, suddenly turned her humour, and she stopped in the midst of a muttering of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the terminations, and, with a sort of theatrical quickness of transition, joined heartily in her mirth. It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the insulted *prima donna* at the lower table, and they succeeded by this manœuvre in retaining Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unequivocal Italian fury. I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and, with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed Grisi and her amused friend to a small room on a lower floor, that seemed to be the housekeeper's parlour. Here supper was set for six (including the man who had played the piano), and on the side-table stood every variety of wine and fruit, and there was nothing in the supper, at least, to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperative gesture and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grisi ordered the servants out of the room, and locked the door, and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own musical, passionate, and energetic Italian. My long residence in that country had made me at home in it; every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of seeing with what abandonment these children of the sun throw aside rank and distinction (yet without forgetting it), and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life, in the gaieties of a chance hour. Out of their own country these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the kind and gifted lady who was their guest; yet, with the briefest apology at finding the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their cloaks and hats as a safeguard to their lungs (more valuable to them than to others;) and as most of the cloaks were the worse for travel, and the hats opera-hats with two corners, the grotesque contrast with the diamonds of one lady, and the radiant beauty of the other, may easily be imagined. Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played; and between the excavations of truffle pies, and the bumpers of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established droll, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Rubini could not recover from the slight he conceived put upon him and his profession by the separate table; and he continually reminded Grisi, who by this time had quite recovered her good humour, that, the night before, supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his Grace, their host, attended to her on the other.—'E vero!' said Ivanhoff, with a look of modest admiration at the *prima donna*.—'E vero, e bravo!' cried Tamburini, with his sepulchral-talking tone, much deeper than his singing.—'Sì, sì, sì, bravo!' echoed all the company; and the haughty and happy actress nodded all round with a radiant smile, and repeated, in her silver tones, 'Grazie! cari amici! grazie!'—As the servants had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in *pic-nic* fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the *attachés* and younger gentlemen, the health of the princess who honoured them by her presence was proposed in that language, which, it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress and friend, and drank her health in silence. It is a polite and common accomplishment in Italy to improvise in verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She reflected a moment or two with the moisture in her eyes, and then commenced, low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult, nay impossible, to convey, in English, an idea of its music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glorious arts, its beauty and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the sentiment to have been 'out of Italy every land is exile!' The glasses were raised

as she ceased, and every one repeated after her, 'Fuori d'Italia tutto e esilio!' 'Ma' cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, 'siamo ben esiliati qua!' and, with a word of drollery, the party recovered its gayer tone, and the humour and wit flowed on brilliantly as before. The house had long been still, and the last carriage belonging to the company above stairs had rolled from the door, when Grisi suddenly remembered a bird that she had lately bought, of which she proceeded to give us a description, that probably penetrated to every corner of the silent mansion. It was a mocking bird, that had been kept two years in the opera-house, and between rehearsal and performance had learned parts of every thing it had overheard. It was the property of the woman who took care of the wardrobes. Grisi had accidentally seen it, and immediately purchased it for two guineas. How much of embellishment there was in her imitations of her treasure I do not know; but certainly the whole power of her wondrous voice, passion, and knowledge of music, seemed drunk up at once in the wild, various, difficult, and rapid mixture of the capricious melody she undertook. First came, without the passage which it usually terminates, the long, throat-down, gurgling, water-toned trill, in which Rubini (but for the bird and its mistress, it seemed to me) would have been inimitable: then right upon it, as if it were the beginning of a bar, and in the most unbreathing continuity, followed a brilliant passage from the Barber of Seville, run into the passionate prayer of Anna Bolena in her madness, and followed by the air of 'Suoni la tromba intrepida,' the tremendous duet in the Puritani, between Tamburini and Lablache. Up to the sky, and down to the earth again—away with a note of the wildest gladness, and back upon a note of the most touching melancholy—if the bird but half equals the imitation of his mistress, he were worth the jewel in a sultan's turban. 'Giulia!' 'Giulietta!' 'Giulietta!' cried out one and another, as she ceased, expressing, in their Italian diminutives, the love and delight she had inspired by her incomparable execution. The stillness of the house in the occasional pauses of conversation reminded the gay party, at last, that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half-dozen sleepy footmen hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and carriages; the drowsy porter was roused from his deep leathern *dormeuse*, and opened the door—and broad upon the street lay the cold grey light of a summer's morning."

Volume the third contains the author's "pen-cillings" of the Tournament, done in the same agreeable style; but the interest of that "gentle and free passage of arms" is already gone by.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE

*Lady Jane Grey, an Historical Romance*, by Thomas Miller, 3 vols.—Thomas Miller has reasons so much more cogent to plead in excuse for hasty composition, than most others of his craft, that his facility must be regretted where theirs would be blamed: and regretted, because it stands in the way of his attaining that excellence as a romancer of which we believe him capable. There is a picturesqueness in the arrangement and colouring of his scenes, an occasional glimpse, now of pathos, now of humour quaint and popular but never vulgar,—an ease in the use and combination of such few historical materials as suffice for his purpose, which put to shame the efforts of many who have been crammed in schools, and lectured in colleges—and afford another evidence that creative power is like the air and the sunshine—visiting alike the cottage, and the mansion, the basket-maker's shop, and the literary gentleman's *sanctum*. The romance opens well with some striking scenes in the death chamber of the young King, whose decease was the signal for the ambitious Northumberland to thrust forward the gentle pupil of Roger Ascham, towards the Crown—the Tower—and the scaffold! The poisoned nosegay, which is said to have been the immediate cause of the enfeebled boy's death, is placed by Mr. Miller in the hands of one Duskens, who is made the mother of the Holy Maid of Kent, and to owe her desire for revenge, not merely to that cruel sacrifice of her daughter—but to the circumstance of herself having

been at an earlier period ruined and deserted by Henry the Eighth.—On such a scale of invention, and with such a moving principle of mischief, it is not difficult to imagine how fearlessly the author dashes through the well known historical events of Lady Jane Grey's brief and melancholy career: the outline of whose character is sweetly drawn. The work, indeed, as a whole is interesting: and perhaps, even, more remarkable than the historical novels from the same pen, which have preceded it.

*Records of Real Life*, by Miss Harriot Pigott, 3 vols.—It is in vain that Lady \*\*\*\*\* assures us in the introduction, that Mr. Galt "adopted Miss Pigott's MS. with intense interest"—it is in vain that Miss Pigott herself, by foot notes, again and again complacently recalls the attention of the public to a defunct "Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion," the former fruit of her pen. Diligence in our vocation made us plod our weary way onward through her closely printed pages,—but no effort of attention could keep off "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

*Imigfoyle Abbey, a tale of Modern Times*, by Dennis Ignatius Moriarty, 3 vols.—The press was unanimous in commending the good taste and good temper with which 'Geraldine' was executed. It ought now, with no less accord, to denounce the vulgarity, the violence, and the improbability displayed in this newer attempt to enlist Fiction on the Romish side of the church question. We have not often been more repelled than by this tale: which, if it had strength enough to exercise any influence whatsoever on the public mind, would tend to retard the progress of benevolence.

*Grecian Stories*, by Maria Hack.—This work is inferior to the 'English Stories' by the same writer: indeed, the account of the Spartan institutions is inaccurate, and the morality of some of the inferences deduced seems to us a little questionable. The book is beautifully printed, and some of the wood-cuts by Mr. Folkard are worthy of especial commendation. The engraver has on occasions put his whole trust in the powers of his art,—as in the vignette where the youth is asleep on the tomb of Socrates,—and not wasted his strength in abortive attempts to imitate the effects of copper. The title-page offers another excellent example in illustration of our argument. The foreground, the broken column, and the armour at its base, are excellent—simple and vigorous, and after the manner of the old school; while the background is smoky and leaden, in the attempt, after the modern fashion, to give effects beyond the limited powers of the art.

*The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels*, by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.—Ingoldsby is a most pleasant fellow in his misanthropic mood, when rhyming about the 'Monstre Balloon'—the 'Coronation,' where

Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy  
All jews from jasey to his dimond boots,  
With Alderman Harner, and that swate charmer,  
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts,

—or the more ancient achievements and progresses of St. Odille, St. Gengulphus, or St. Nicholas. Pleasant, too, is Ingoldsby, after another fashion, when making the flesh creep with terror in some old ghastly goblin legend. With all its sarcasm and devilry, however, the book may be warranted harmless; and we should have drawn copiously from its stores, had they not all been already presented to the reader in Mr. Bentley's 'Miscellany' and other periodicals.

*Essay on Elevating the Profession of the Educator*.—Though this was one of the unsuccessful essays written for the prize offered by the Central Society of Education, it contains much that deserves the attention of the public, particularly respecting the schools for the middle and upper classes of society. The abuses which the author exposes are sufficiently flagrant and notorious, but the application of a remedy is beset with difficulties, and there is no present prospect of their being overcome. We therefore reluctantly avoid discussion, which under existing circumstances might do more harm than good.

*Gresley's English Citizen*.—We are not admirers of what are called religious novels: Mr. Gresley's work, however, is good of its kind; it advocates the doctrines of the Oxford Divines with temper and moderation. On the matter we shall make no comment, but the manner merits our approbation.

*List of New Books*.—Melodia Sacra, by David Weyman, new edit. revised by Dr. John Smith, 1 vol. 4to. 15s. half-bd. or in 3 parts, 6s. each.—Southwell and its Vicinity, Ancient and Modern, by Robert Wake, M.R.C.S.L. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Maranatha in connexion with the future History of the Jewish Nation, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Sunbeam, Vol. II. 4to. 10s. cl.—Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society, by the Rev. John Nelson, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. cl.—Jackson's Pictorial Flora, 8vo. 15s. cl.—Pictures of the French, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Demosthenes on the Crown, translated, with Notes, by Lord Brougham, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Lee's Hebrew, Chaldee, and English Lexicon, 8vo. 25s. cl.—Letters of the Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Works of Edmund Spenser, royal 8vo. 13s. cl.—Malcolm's Travels in the Burman Empire, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Coleridge's Poetical Works, 3 vols. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Cooper's Anatomy of the Breast, royal 4to. and Atlas of Plates, folio, 3l. 3s. cl.—Coulson on the Bladder, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. bds.—McGillivray's Manual of Geology, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Lardner's Euclid, 7th edit. 8vo. 7s. bds.—Smith's Latin Exercises for Beginners, Part II. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—A New Latin Delectus, by Alex. Allen, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Harrow School Algebra, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Peithman's German Grammar 12mo. 4s. bd.—Frank Howard's Science of Drawing, Part III. 'Human Figures,' 8vo. 4s. cl.—Paley's Evidences of Christianity, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Hinton on Man's Responsibility, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Hawtreys's Sponsors for the Poor, 6s. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Joys of Heaven, by a Layman, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Lardner's Explanation of the Church Catechism, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. cl.—Malin's Church of Rome Examined, translated by Rev. J. Cornack, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Family of Bethany, 6th edit. 4s. 6d. cl.—Stearne's Curate's Manual, translated from the Latin, by Rev. K. Trimmer, 16mo. 4s. cl.—Stonard's Dissertations on our Saviour's Discourses respecting the Destruction of the Temple, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Crauford's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Freeman's Israel's Return, or Palestine Remained, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Fuller's Holy and Profane State, new edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. cl.—Poem, by Mrs. H. R. Sandbach, 8vo. 7s. cl.—Ree's Beauties of the Hon. D. Webster, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Rollo's Vacation, by J. Abbott, royal 18mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—History of France, by Julia Corner, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Steppingstone to Knowledge, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Roger's Practical Arrangement of Ecclesiastical Law, 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Roscoe's Criminal Evidence, 2nd edit. by T. C. Granger, 12mo. 1l. 3s. bds.—Camp and Quarter, by Major Patterson, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Language of Flowers, 7th edit. 18mo. 10s. 6d. silk.—The Listener in Oxford, by Caroline Fry, 8vo. 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—Hours of Sorrow, 2nd edit. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Protestant Ascendancy vindicated, by Rev. T. D. Gregg, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Mirror of my Mind, 32mo. 3s. cl.; 3s. 6d. silk.

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#### TO AN OLD PEN.

What ho! Come hither, my grey-goose quill!  
Why dost thou on the ground lie low?  
I'll have thee, shape thee, use thee still;  
Thou shalt not die, and 'scape me so.

Come here, old friend; I'll force thee trace  
A dream of words, all soft and deep,  
Such as throw morn on maiden's face,  
And carry joy into her sleep.

I'll force thee sing of love, my dear,—  
Of gentle, tenderest, truest love;  
How gentle girls are fairest here,  
And angels afterwards above.

Perhaps I'll bid thee chaunt of war,  
On land, or on the howling sea,—  
Of wonders, born in regions far,—  
Of courts, or crowned pageantry;—

Or else,—Sweet music be our theme,  
The music of the heart or ear;  
Such as once taught my soul to dream  
It dwelt upon a fairy sphere.

Dost thou remember,—years ago,  
How thou and I through night did run  
(Ah, none but thou and I shall know!)  
Singing of love, from sun to sun?

Thus will we sing again. Old Time  
Shall never cramp my heart again,  
But let me loose, to laugh or rhyme,  
With thee,—with thee, mine ancient pen.

—Yet, no;—grave thoughts must now be ours,—  
A graver, plainer, purer page.  
We'll give to youth its world of flowers,  
And feed from the fruits of age.



## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

University of —, Feb. 1.

I advise all travellers who intend to make any stay in a German town, to get an immediate introduction to the Museum. Do not suppose by Museum is meant a repository of mummies or minerals, though many of them do possess a collection, such as it is, of "Alterthümer;" but the place frequented by the native and foreign curiosities,—alias a club-house. Much cannot be said for the architectural beauty of this where I am writing, whose appropriate inscription would be—"This is not a barrack," though it is large enough to contain a regiment of dragoons, horses and all, the latter of which might be accommodated in the dark and gloomy crypt that supports the heavy pile. The German has, however, much more regard for *das leben* (the actual), than the ideal; and the edifice contains concert and ball rooms—a library—several reading and coffee rooms—billiard tables—a garden—in fact, every requisite accommodation for supplying food for the "morale" as well as the physical. All the inhabitants, without reference to their rank or station, are eligible as members, and admitted by ballot. The subscriptions are very moderate; and the hotel-keeper who rents the provision establishment, is limited, by the regulations of the Society, in his prices: hence the table d'hôte is at a much lower rate than the others in the town, and thus the members are enabled to enjoy, for a mere trifle, all the benefits of a club. It is true that a German's luxuries are not very expensive. His pipe is not the amusement only, it is the occupation of his life: and with the accompaniment of a choppin (pint) of beer, that costs less than a penny, he passes his time entirely to his satisfaction. All the hours that are not devoted to business are spent at the Museum. Domestic circle there is none in Germany, except during meal-times; and the women, almost without exception, (I do not speak of great cities, such as Vienna, Berlin, or Munich,) attend to the culinary and domestic departments, much as our great-grandmothers did. Germany, indeed, has introduced few, if any, innovations into its customs or manners. *Mittag essen* (mid-day eating) is the only term they have for dinner, and *ombre* is still the favourite game, as it was with us in Pope's time. A common expression, at the present day, for a distinguished person—"he is a matadore," is hardly understood by us.

I have given precedence to the material life of the Germans, because, in fact, it is the most important with them. They eat more, drink more, and sleep more than any other people.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at the citizens, yeelp Philistines, I must not forget (in a university town who could forget?) those lords of the creation, the Students. They are but indifferent supporters of the Museum. Only the steadier portions of their community frequent this establishment. Order and decorum are irksome to these wild spirits; their own *Verbindungs*, or the *Kneipe*, are much more to their taste, for there they can sing, carouse, and quarrel without constraint. Whether it be that beer acts on the bile, and turns the sot into a brute, I know not, but so it is, that duels form an invariable finale to all their drinking bouts. Of those who attend the Museum, I observed few, if any, with scarified cheeks or seamed noses, such as parade the streets, and appear as proud of these trophies as though they were honourable scars received in battle. A terrific-looking character, with red hair and a goat's beard, was pointed out to me as a noted swordsman, and a wonderful adept in shearing of its due proportions, that prominent feature. Like the Arabs or American savages, one *Verbindung* is bound to avenge the mutilations committed by another; and hence the sandy hero is daily invited to the *Fechtsboden*, and making more victims. Is it to be believed that such things can not only be winked at, but encouraged by the professors, notwithstanding one of them lost a son in a duel some years since, and a student died, this very term, of his wounds,—or of a nervous fever, as his relations were informed? After this tragic event, the police, for form's sake, arrested the parties engaged in one of these encounters, and imprisoned them for a few days; but, satisfied with this demonstration of authority, they allow things to go on in their old course. I had the curiosity, yesterday, to visit one of these *Kneipes*. I found that they are governed by laws, the combined wisdom of Bonne, Heidelberg, Jena, &c. They form

a considerable volume, and are admirably contrived for fining and making drunk *freches* (freshmen.) The principal amusement at these resorts is the mystifying and laughing at the simplicity of the greenhorns. I have looked at this hand-book of all who desire to be initiated in the mysteries of beer-houses, but found it required a key, couched as it is in slang, borrowed from the *Fechtsboden*. But let me return to the Museum, and pleasant topics.

The reading-rooms, where silence is strictly preserved, are well supplied; the *Times*, and *Galignani's Messenger*, the *Moniteur*, *Journal des Débats*, *National*, *Journal des Tribunaux*, and the witty *Charivari*, were on the table of the foreign news room. On the shelves of the large saloon I perceived the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, the *Foreign Quarterly* and *Monthly* reviews, the *Athenæum*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Bibliothèque de Genève*—the patriarch of periodicals—the *Biblioteca Italiana*, and even a Polish magazine—the *Parnietnik Naukowy*—where, in addition to criticisms on new Polish and Sclavonian works, are to be found valuable treatises on the history and literature of those nations. But I was astonished at the multitude of monthly and weekly papers that swarm in all parts of Germany, and covered other tables. Much cannot be said in praise of these ephemeralities. The low rate at which they are published and the very small remuneration received by the editors and contributors, prevent men of first-rate talent from writing in them: hence, in lieu of original matter, the English and French magazines and works furnish the principal staple of their contents. I was at a loss to account for the staleness of the criticisms in many of them, till I reflected that the reviewer prudently withheld his opinion till that of the public was declared on the merits or demerits of an author. Several periodicals, exclusively devoted to Theology, I shall not trouble you with. The press of Stuttgart, where "Pietismus" most reigns, is much engaged in that unfruitful controversy—polemics. The world of Germany is, at the present day, divided between the Pietists and Rationalists. Strauss is, as you know, the great disciple of the last sect, and is considered very ill treated by the canton of Zurich, in being removed from the chair of Theology to which he had been named;—imagine a rationalist Theological Professor! I have not spoken of the daily newspapers,—what is to be said of them? Home politics are a forbidden subject; but, having no colour of their own, these most insipid productions affect to feel a great interest in the contests of English or French parties, and would think it unbecoming to take any but the most liberal side—I might say the most radical. The censorship of the press weighs like the leaden mantle in Dante's 'Inferno,' on German literature. Dramatic writing is at a very low ebb, the stage being supplied with adaptations, or *réchauffés*, from the English, or some of the 295 pieces which the last year produced in Paris. Original authors must be scarce, where translations are so popular. Scarcely a novel known at home, but is immediately put into a German dress; and 'Boz' has as much fame here as in England. There are now lying on the table, Cheveley, Burns's Poems, Lord Byron's, Lord Brougham's Statesmen, Béranger's Songs, and a host of books, issued during the last few months, whilst scarcely a native work of any consequence appears among them.

The remark respecting literature applies also to music: where instrumental performers are lauded to the skies, composers of distinguished talent must be rare.

But the Museum has other attractions for the gratification of the community: it gives several balls and concerts, to which the members and their families are admitted in virtue of their subscription. The saloons are let, on occasions, to the musicians and players that make the tour of Germany, and the establishment possesses a director, a decent composer, who twice a week holds an academy, and instructs the young people in singing,—to which accomplishment, indeed, one day in the week has been already dedicated in the schools. The small town, where I

One work on the table is entitled, 'Magicon, &c.; or the Archives of Magicisim and Visions,' by Dr. Justinus Kerner. The contents are,—Attraction—Of the Spirit-belief of Rheanus, and of ————y—Polemics against Fischer of Basle, Strauss, and Werth—The celebrated Seperin Prophetess of Prevorst—Divining-rods—Facts—Wonderful Dreams—Visions—Apparitions—Second Sight (Shunted)—Extase, &c.; in all of which the Doctor implicitly believes.

am writing, furnishes an orchestra of amateurs, which our largest city could not equal.

In short, these Museums are well worthy of imitation in England, and would do much to supersede the coffee-house and bar-room. The first difficulty, however, would be to break down the wall of demarcation so strictly kept up between ranks—to do away the fear of contamination by the contact with the shop-keeper and mechanic. Here the citizen thinks himself on a perfect equality with the noble: the host taking a hand at cards with the professor, or making a beer or wein spiel,—i. e. rattling dice for the reckoning with his guests.—But the table d'hôte bell sounds, and I must bring my letter to an abrupt conclusion. B.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SOME particulars of the projected expedition to the Niger have been communicated to Parliament, from which we learn that it is intended to establish commercial relations with those African chiefs within whose dominions the internal slave trade is carried on, by which the external trade is supplied with its victims, and to enter into treaties with them, the basis of which is to be the admission into this country of the produce of their several territories on favourable terms, on condition of the abandonment and absolute prohibition of the slave trade. The proposed expedition is to ascend the Niger, to the point at which several large tributary streams fall into it from the eastward, and there and elsewhere to establish factories. Three iron steam-boats are to be employed; two of these will be of about 440 tons burthen, and to draw four feet nine inches water,—the third a smaller vessel, which will draw only three feet; the former will each have two engines of thirty-five horse-power, and the latter only one. The engines are all to be constructed on one model, so that the parts of each will fit all the others. The estimated expense of the outfit is 35,000*l.*, and the annual cost under 11,000*l.* That the measure will have a beneficial influence on the civilization of Africa, we cannot doubt; and if so, it will tend indirectly as well as directly to accomplish its purpose, and check that atrocious system which is the disgrace of humanity: and assuredly we may venture to hope for some results of great interest in the way of geographical discovery.

Two pictures of pretence are advertised for sight and sale at the St. James's Gallery, Pall Mall,—one, 'Lot and his Daughters,' given to *Velasquez*, the other 'Charles I. on Horseback,' calling itself a *Vandyck*. This latter is a full-sized, feeble reflection of the great *Epernon* portrait at Windsor, of which the excellence is attested by the numerous copies from it. The soi-disant *Velasquez* has neither his character of hand nor mind, yet possesses considerable merit, if not that peculiar to the painter: the flesh tone warm and mellow, instead of cool silver-brown, little freedom and much uniteness in the handling, reverse all our notions of *Velasquez*. Fifteen hundred pounds are asked for this picture, we suppose a full half being the price of his name. Mr. Hope gave five hundred at the Orleans sale for a very similar composition, which was far below its value if genuine. Such things as large historical pictures by *Velasquez* are rare in this country, except at the picture-mongers', where they abound.

To the list of painters of ceremonial pictures connected with the Queen's accession, which already included the names of Wilkie, Leslie, Parris, and Hayter, may now be added that of Sir William Newton, who has been for some time engaged upon a picture of the Coronation, painted on ivory,—like Leslie's, limited in its design to the presentation of about a dozen of the prominent personages in the ceremony, and having as its immediate subject the act of homage of her Majesty's uncle the Duke of Sussex.

The Opera is now announced as about to open this day week, with the 'Torquato Tasso' of Donizetti—for provisional *prima donna*, Mlle. de Varny, who made her *début* at M. Benedict's concert—for provisional *primo tenore*, Signor Ricciardi—the same, we presume, who made such a favourable impression on the Parisian public, by his performance at *La Renaissance*, in the French version of Donizetti's 'Lucia.' There are other musical probabilities with regard to

our principal concerts, which may be announced: and one musical certainty, which, if it have not been adopted too late, ought to exercise a beneficial influence on the performances of the Philharmonic Society,—we mean the entire suppression of the rehearsal tickets. At the recent trial, two symphonies, by Spohr, were gone through: one of these was 'The Four Epochs,' its first movement being à la Handel, its second in imitation of Mozart, its scherzo after Beethoven, and its finale in Auber's manner. Another symphony, by Mr. Walmisley, of Oxford, was also tried. We are sorry to hear that Herr David is not coming to London this season. It is said that M. Molière is to play at two of the Philharmonic Concerts. This violinist, who bears the highest reputation in Germany, has been described to us as belonging to the true and classical school: if such, he will be welcome in contrast with MM. Ole Bull, Haumann, and others of the metriciously romantic school, who will probably come over from Paris. M. A. Batta, too, intends to pay us a second visit. As regards singers, besides a far-off rumour of Duprez, and his pupil Mdlle. Nathan—would that it may prove true!—we have already been advised of the intentions of Mdlle. Nau, of the *Académie Royale*, to visit London. Should this be the case, and if Madame Dorus-Gras come also, we shall have an opportunity of comparing two French songstresses of the same quality. So much for the Philharmonic management. The Ancient Directors, anxious to arrest the decay of their venerable establishment, have adopted the worst feature of their brother establishment—namely, the nightly change of a conductor. The ridicule with which such a system is mentioned throughout Europe, might, we think, ere this, have reached even a body so far behind the time, as the Directors of the Ancient Concerts. Meanwhile, the names of the Queen and the Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager, as constant visitants, are hung out as a bait to quicken the languid zeal of the public: for ourselves, we cannot but fear, that, in spite of those new measures, and these brilliant names, the common lot awaits the Bird.

Bird-organ built by Tubal-Cain;

and the pity is great, in proportion as the opportunity for keeping alive a taste for sound music among the higher classes, if once lost, will be regained with difficulty. Meanwhile, the cause of the people daily advances: we hear of singing-schools, on the continental plan, rising in every corner of the metropolis, and we are invited to more exhibitions and concerts than there is any possibility of attending, save for the possessor of the "flying horse," mentioned in the prelude to 'Peter Bell.' For instance, while Mr. Blagrove's party was giving its first concert, the "Society for the Encouragement of Vocal Music," established by Mr. Hickson, whose researches among the continental establishments have been most diligent, was giving a madrigal concert in the girls' school-room, Harp Alley, Farringdon Street. We hope soon to have an opportunity of examining the results of the musical tuition in this establishment. In another quarter, we find, that so well have the concerts given by the Peckham Literary and Scientific Institution thriven, that a new hall is to be built, by that body, for the express purpose of holding musical performances on a large scale. On Monday the *Second Quartett Concert*, given by Messrs. Willy and Joseph Banister's party, with Herr Hausmann for violoncello, was held at the City of London Tavern. The scheme was excellent,—the performance less so: Onslow's lovely quintett in c major was spoiled by the *contrabasso*, and Mr. W. S. Bennett gave Beethoven's pianoforte quintett with a harder touch than used to belong to him. Precision is indispensable to classical music, but precision with expression is the thing wanted. The wind instrumentalists who joined with him—Messrs. Lazarus, Barret, Baumann, and Jarrett—were excellent: the last gentleman fully justifying the favourable opinion expressed last week. The singing, too, by Mrs. Severn, Miss M. B. Hawes (who has greatly improved), and Mr. Hobbs, was very satisfactory.

To excite emulation, and to quicken home ambition, we shall translate a paragraph from the French journals, relative to the excellent achievements of the Society for the Cultivation of Music, in Copenhagen. This Society—of which the Prince Royal is patron—

was founded at the commencement of last year, and now numbers, among its active members—that is to say, those who can take a part in its performances, as singers or instrumentalists—1,512 persons, 950 of whom are males. Six public concerts are to be given once in three months, on the grand scale, for the benefit of the charities of the town: and among the works which will be performed (*the selection having been approved by the Director of the Police!*) will be the *Guido and Ginevra*, by M. Halévy, a work which has a strangely extensive circulation, its limited success in Paris considered—the *Requiem*, by M. Berlioz—*La Selve Incantata*, by Righini—*La Caverne*, by Lesueur—the *Mount of Olives*, by Beethoven—and the *Medea*, by Cherubini. At all events, the Danish Society shows sense and spirit in not following the beaten track. It is to be remarked, however, taking their selection as a sign, that French music is daily becoming more and more an object of respect and curiosity throughout Europe. There is little hope for Italy—in spite of the incontestable superiority of her singers—unless a new composer shall shortly appear.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from 10 in the Morning until 5 in the Evening.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, keeper.

SPLENDID EXHIBITION.—ROYAL GALLERY, ADELPHI-STREET, LOWTHER ARCADE, WEST STRAND.—Electric-Magnetic Locomotive Engine at work.—Electrical Bell, the only living specimen in Europe.—Polarization of Light, by Mr. Goddard's Polaroscope—Oxy-hydrogen Microscope—Steam-Gun—Messrs. Whitworth's Patent Foot-Lathe—Mr. Curtis's Jacks for lifting Locomotive Engines—Steam Engines, &c.—Lecture daily on different branches of Physical Philosophy.—Open daily at 10, A.M. Admission, 1s.

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Containing 300 paintings, made by his own hand, during seven years' travel and residence amongst the Wildest Tribes of Indians in North America. And also an immense Collection of Indian Carvings, Bronzes, Weapons, &c.; and a Crow Wreath, twenty-five feet high—a magnificent specimen.—Open daily from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.

(The Rooms well ventilated and warmed.)

MR. CATLIN'S THREE LECTURES on the MANNERS and CUSTOMS of these People, will be delivered NEXT WEEK, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS, commencing at 9 o'clock. Tickets for the Course, 6s.; Single Tickets, 2s. 6d.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 17.—J. Heywood, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Three new Fellows of the Society were elected.

The first paper read was 'On the System and Extent of Pauper Relief in Scotland,' prepared from official and other documents, by W. R. Deverell, Esq., acting Secretary.—It is a characteristic distinction of the Scottish system of provision for the poor, that it mainly relies on voluntary contributions from the public, and avoids all compulsory assessment as long as there exists any reasonable hope of procuring the needful relief without recourse to that expedient.

Church collections are recognized in acts of Parliament as the ancient and legal resource for the maintenance of the poor; and for this purpose they have been resorted to from the earliest periods of the ecclesiastical establishment of Scotland. An act, which was passed in 1579, for the suppression of public begging, conferred the power of levying funds for the poor by assessment: but the preference for, and sufficiency of, the church collections, and other voluntary contributions, prevented any exercise of this power until more than a century subsequent to the date of that statute; and then it was only partially applied in a few particular parishes, either in supplement to, or merely as an occasional and temporary substitute for, the voluntary contributions. It hence appears, from the official returns, that assessment has been adopted in different parishes at very various dates—some parishes, with scanty means, have long struggled against it, and at last, by the pressure of pauperism, have been compelled to yield—others, chiefly towns, have submitted to compulsory levies with less resistance. In the border parishes, and larger towns, is often found a conjunction of the two methods; a fund is raised by voluntary contribution at the church doors, and to supply its deficiency another is raised by legal assessment; but by far the greater number of parishes have constantly persevered in the voluntary mode of contribution, or have re-adopted it, after having made a trial of assessment. So that Scotland,

in general, has always manifested a most decided preference for the system of church collections and optional almsgiving. Indeed, until nearly the middle of the last century, the funds obtained by these expedients were, with very slight exceptions, found to be sufficient for the maintenance of all the poor in that country; and the first occasion of their becoming, in any parish, permanently inadequate was, the secession of the Presbyterian dissenters from the established church of Scotland, which commenced about the year 1750; by which the weekly church collections were gradually diminished. In the Church Assembly's Report it is stated, that the collections which are received at the doors of the places of worship of dissenting seceders, are disposed of by those respective congregations, and are not paid to the parish fund for the poor, which is collected at the doors of the churches of the establishments; but no information is added respecting any appropriation of the dissenters' collections to the relief of the poor. Since the year 1820, when a report was made by the Church Assembly similar to the one for 1839, which forms the chief source of the present statements, many parishes, and especially those in manufacturing districts, have experienced great difficulties in providing for their poor by means of their church collections, in consequence of a rapid increase of population and paupers, without any commensurate increase of the members and resources of the church establishment. An increase of pauperism is also attributed to the deficiency of religious and moral instruction, which has allowed masses of the town population to grow up without those powerful restraints which are furnished by industrious, pious, and prudent habits, though it might reasonably be doubted whether, as believed by some benevolent philanthropists, religious and moral teaching can permanently influence the conduct of those whom poverty compels incessantly to struggle for mere animal subsistence. In some parishes an opinion is prevalent, that the burden of relieving the poor should be exclusively sustained by the land-owners and the richer classes; and accordingly the church collections are diminished, by an unwillingness of the humbler classes to assist in supporting their indigent neighbours. These, and other circumstances, have rendered assessment unavoidable in the suburban parishes of the large commercial towns, in which the poor were previously supported by the church and other collections. In 1839, the whole number of parishes assessed amounted to 238, showing an increase of 46 since the report published in 1820: the total population and relieved poor of the assessed and non-assessed parishes being nearly equal; so that notwithstanding the general disposition to retain the voluntary mode of provision, the prevalence of mendicity and vagrancy constrains the managers of the poor, in densely populated districts, to resort to compulsory levies; seeing that, as in all optional contributions, the pious duty of giving is left mainly to the humbler classes, and a proportionate share of the burden is not sustained by the wealthy, who are far removed from the personal observation of abject poverty. Indeed, however suitable and sufficient a system of voluntary charity may be for a more simple and less crowded state of society, it would appear that, in the dense, and complex, and industrial populations of modern towns, a legal compulsory provision for the poor, is the only effectual expedient by which their various and constantly increasing exigencies can be adequately met, and the existence of extreme destitution prevented. But, while on the one hand a legal provision is believed to be more effectual for the systematic and permanent relief of destitution, more just towards all classes of the community, more uniform in its operation, more easily adapted to the wants and circumstances of individuals, and more conducive to the excitement of a general interest in the concerns of the poor: on the other hand, the system of voluntary charity is extolled, for its beneficial moral influence on the humble individuals whose custom of putting, every Sunday, their mite into the pauper's box, impresses them with a strong aversion to become pensioners on the fund it contains. In Scotland, the uniform principle of proceeding is, that every individual must, as long as he is able, provide for himself by his own labour, and that his parish is bound only to furnish that portion of the necessaries of life which he cannot earn or obtain by other lawful



means. In cases even of extreme destitution the relations and neighbours of the paupers feel a pride in providing, either wholly or in part, for their necessities. No right is acknowledged to exist on the part of the poor to demand relief from the parish ecclesiastical court, nor, if rejected by that court, is it practicable for them to appeal to a superior authority. Hence, in behalf of the Scottish method of charity, it is asserted that, the poor are constrained to be provident and industrious; that their neighbours and relatives are encouraged to assist them; that there is cherished a spirit of independence, and unwillingness to come upon the parish for the mere pittance which it has to offer—a more ample supply being believed to be injurious to the true interests and the moral habits of the people. In Scotland, too, there are neither poor-houses nor workhouses, excepting three of the latter at Edinburgh, and one at Paisley—the whole provision for paupers consisting in out-door relief; but that this is not effectual in preventing the existence of much greater destitution and wretchedness among the poor than is found in England, is shown, not only in their more squalid appearance and miserable places of abode, especially in Glasgow, but in the fact that the malaria generated by their persons and dwellings, diffuses epidemic fevers that occasion a mortality of 1 in 21, while even in London it rises only to 1 in 31. The administration of the poor-funds, and the management of the poor, are committed, in each parish, to the Kirk Session—an ecclesiastical court, having jurisdiction throughout its parish, and consisting of the minister of the church, with several ordained church officers denominated elders. The landholders or heritors of each parish, and, in towns, the magistrates, possess a joint authority in superintending the poor; but, almost without exception, the whole business is left to the parish vestry, called the Kirk Session, which is subject only to the Supreme Court of Session. The total number of persons giving their gratuitous services in the management of the poor in Scotland is 7,542, of whom 6,035 are members of Kirk Sessions. The total number of hired agents is 532. The annual average expense of levying assessments is 4,119*l.* 1*s.*; of managing the poor, 2,968*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*; of litigation, 920*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*; and the total expense of administration 8,009*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.*, or 2*s.* on each pauper. The total amount of parishes in Scotland is 896; the Assembly's Report, however, contains returns for only 879. The total population, in 1831, was 2,315,926. The annual average number of poor of every class is 79,429, being 3.42 per cent. of the whole population. The amount of the allowances to the parochial poor in Scotland, is, in all cases, remarkably small, inasmuch as it most commonly forms merely a part of the whole minimum means of subsistence, the rest being obtained either by some degree of labour or through the charitable medium of friends. The Scottish poor who receive parochial relief are divided into two distinct classes, designated *ordinary* and *occasional* poor; the former are permanently enrolled, and are entitled to periodical allowances; the latter receive only temporary assistance, as circumstances may require. The average of the highest rates of relief to single paupers on the permanent roll is 4*l.* 9*s.* per annum; average of the lowest 1*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*; average annual expense of maintaining an individual in a workhouse 5*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*. Over all Scotland the average rate of relief given to the poor on the permanent roll (excepting lunatics) is 1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* each per annum, constituting a charge of 11*d.* per annum on each individual of the whole population. Average annual rate of support of lunatic paupers, 10*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* each. Average annual rate of relief to each of the *occasional* poor, 14*s.* 8*d.*. Average annual rate of relief to the whole three classes of poor,—*ordinary*, *occasional*, and *pauper-lunatics*,—1*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* each, constituting an annual charge of 1*s.* 2*d.* on each individual of the whole population. The funds raised for the maintenance of the poor in Scotland, comprise,—1. Collections obtained at the doors of the churches, the annual average of which is 38,300*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*, which is 4*d.* on each individual of the population. 2. Other voluntary contributions, consisting of donations, bequests, and sums presented by the parochial landholders, proportioned to the value of their estates,—the annual average of these amount to 18,976*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*. 3. The accumulations of parochial dues and miscellaneous property, aver-

aging annually 20,604*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*. 4. Assessments levied by very various modes, amounting to an annual average of 77,239*l.* 19*s.*. The average annual amount of these four resources for the years 1835-7 is 155,121*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*, showing an increase of 40,925*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* since the report published in 1820. The annual amount paid out of the poor's fund for educating the children of paupers is 2,006*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*, and the number of children so educated 7,809. The number of lunatic paupers is 1,112, or nearly 1 in 2,000 of the whole population. Total annual expense of maintaining them, 11,784*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*—that is, 10*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* per annum for each individual. A comparison of some of the Scottish numerical data, with the returns of a similar nature, appertaining to England, serves to exhibit a remarkable difference in the results of the systems adopted in the two countries. On 662 English Poor Law unions, with a population of 11,166,000, was expended, in 1838, the sum of 4,254,000*l.*; while the outlay, in Scotland, upon a population of 2,315,000, was 140,496*l.*, which, proportionately, is about one-sixth of the amount spent in England. Were Scotland, in fact, to adopt the English scale of expenditure, her annual donations to the poor, instead of 140,000*l.*, would be 800,000*l.*. The city of Paris, with less than a third of the population of Scotland, expends annually, upon her poor, 500,000*l.*. The English standard of treatment of paupers considerably exceeds that of Scotland; for while the total expenditure, per head, on the population, is in England 5*s.* 10*d.*, and lately was 7*s.* 7*d.*, in Scotland it is less than 1*s.* 4*d.*. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Paisley, and other towns of Scotland, the average rate is less than 2*s.*—that is, one-third of the rate in England. The highest provision granted to a widow with a family, in Edinburgh, is less than 2*s.* a week, and to a disabled person 1*s.*: in England, to the first is given from 4*s.* to 7*s.*, and to the latter from 2*s.* to 4*s.*. The Scottish rates of donation are also considerably less than in the principal European nations, and the United States of America: for instance, in Hamburg the amount of out-door relief granted to the poor amounts to nearly 4*s.* per head on the population; throughout Holland the annual expenditure on the poor is 4*s.* 4*d.* per head on the entire population; in Philadelphia it is 4*s.* 6*d.*; in those towns of France where the public provision for the poor is well organized, the expenditure is nearly 10*s.* per head; in Venice it is 18*s.* per head on the whole population. However, in adducing these instances of larger expenditures made by other communities, it must not be unnoticed that, in Scotland, with limited means, much has been done; that, owing to the characteristic prudence and temperance of the Scottish peasantry, a smaller amount of assistance has sufficed than would have been requisite for the relief of a people less generally distinguished by careful and parsimonious habits; and it is worthy of high commendation, that the clergy of Scotland administer all the affairs of the poor for no other reward than the satisfaction of doing good.

On the conclusion of this paper, a discussion was sustained by Mr. Frederick Hill, and other gentlemen from Scotland, on the peculiarities of the Scottish pauper system, and its comparative merits.

A second paper was read, 'On the Popular Penny Literature of the day,' by C. R. Weld, Esq.—With the view of contributing to the collection of facts that illustrate the intellectual and moral condition of a numerous class of society, Mr. Weld procured copies of all the cheapest periodicals published in the metropolis, and presented to the Society a classified arrangement of the whole; exhibiting, in a tabular form, the title of each, the price, the length of time it has been in circulation, and the number of copies circulated, as stated by the publishers. The tables were accompanied by remarks and explanations. There are 80 weekly periodicals, of which number 50 are priced at 1*d.*, 5 at 1½*d.*, and 25 at 2*d.*. 17 contain miscellaneous matter, 22 novels, romances, and tales, 14 lives and memoirs, 9 political, 4 scientific, 2 medical, 1 temperance, 4 theatrical, 5 ribald and licentious, 2 songs. 58 are illustrated with wood engravings, 3 lithographic, 1 steel, and 19 are without illustrations.

It was announced by the Chairman, that, in March next, the Society will have an anniversary dinner.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 14.—Joshua Field, V.P., in the chair.—The following communications were read:—

1. 'Observations on the efficiency or gross power of Steam exerted on the Piston in relation to the reported duty of Steam Engines in Cornwall at different periods,' by J. S. Enys.—The advantages which may result from the union of scientific and practical knowledge in the application of steam power, particularly with reference to the limits of gross power, are great, as likely to check the extravagant notions entertained by some with respect to the farther increase of duty, and to remove the disbelief of others with respect to the amount of duty actually performed. The limit of duty for atmospheric steam may be readily arrived at, as was done by Mr. Davies Gilbert in 1827, by estimating the weight of water which would rise 34 feet into a vacuum formed by the condensation of steam of atmospheric strength; whence it appears, that a higher duty than 30 millions cannot be obtained by atmospheric steam, 14 cubic feet of water being evaporated by a bushel of coal. Tredgold, in the first edition of his Treatise on the Steam Engine, published in 1827, adopted the simpler method of multiplying the volume of steam of atmospheric strength by the pressure, for the measure of the efficiency: this principle may be extended to measure the efficiency of steam at higher pressures. The author then proceeds to show, that the Cornish engines are worked under conditions such that a large proportion of the expansive action of the steam is available on the piston, and calls attention to two necessary corrections,—1st, for the deficiency of water in high steam cut off at 1-5th of the stroke; and 2nd, for the increase of temperature of the steam during expansion in the cylinder, as derived from the steam jacket. The experiments of Mr. Wicksteed, confirmatory as they are of the very extended experiments made by Woolf at Wheal Alford, show the importance of this latter correction. Some error has also arisen from the use of the boiler pressure. The exact determination of the pressure in the cylinder is difficult, and the only recorded experiments are those by Mr. Henwood with the common indicator, and published in the second volume of the Transactions of the Institution. The quantity of water evaporated was very imperfectly recorded; it was stated by Watt as from 8 to 12 cubic feet per bushel, and at present may be stated at about 14 cubic feet, but is sometimes, with good coal and careful stoking, much higher. The author briefly alludes to the progress of improvement in Cornwall; the introduction by Woolf of high steam; the substitution of the plunger pole for the bucket pump, and the application, so recently made by Mr. James Sims, to stamping or crank engines of the arrangements which had been a long time so advantageously used in pumping engines.

2. 'Analysis of a piece of Iron converted, by the action of Sea water, into a substance resembling Plumbago,' by D. Mushet.—In this communication Mr. Mushet gives the result of his analysis of a piece of the iron heel-post of a vessel, called the *John Bull*, which, by the effect of salt water, was converted into a substance resembling plumbago. This substance was of a dark brown colour, and easily cut by a knife; on being exposed to a red heat, in a crucible, it lost about 20 per cent. in weight, and on being exposed to a white heat for four hours, it lost about 60 per cent., and came out a light mass of very brilliant carburet. This shining carburet was then used as a carbonaceous substance for the reduction of an oxide of iron, but was less efficacious than the same quantity of the charcoal of wood. From these and other experiments, Mr. Mushet considers 100 parts to be composed as follows:—

Carbonic Acid and Moisture.....	90
Peroxide of Iron .....	35.7
Silt, or earthy matter.....	7.3
Carbon .....	41.1

3. 'On the Expansion of Arches,' by G. Rennie, Esq.—The expansion of solids, which has excited the attention of mathematicians since the investigations of La Hire, in 1688, on a rod of iron, is of particular importance in the construction of bridges, the security of which may be affected by the dilatation and contraction consequent on changes of temperature. Periodical motions, referable only to changes of temperature, were observed by Vicat, in a stone bridge

built over the Dordogne, at Souillac, and have frequently been noticed in structures of all kinds. The different expansibilities of stone and iron have been considered an objection to the use of cast iron pillars in connexion with stone, to support the fronts of buildings; but the experiments of Mr. Adie, of Edinburgh, led him to the conclusion, that no danger is to be apprehended from a change of temperature affecting cast iron and sandstone in any great degree, as their expansion, so far as regards buildings, may be considered the same. Arguments from this source were employed against the arches of Southwark Bridge, and the experiments set forth in this communication were undertaken with a view of ascertaining the effect of temperature on these arches. Three sets of experiments were made, the first in January 1818, when the main ribs and diagonal braces rested on their centres, and before any of the spandril and road plates had been put upon them; the second, in August and September of the same year. The rise was measured by the insertion of small wedges, by which the rise was ascertained to about  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch. The most extensive set of experiments were made on the eastern arch. Great care was taken in observing the thermometers, of which there were three, one in the open air, another among the ribs, and the third inserted in the iron of the rib. The result of nine experiments gave, as a mean, a rise of  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch for  $1^{\circ}$  Fah. The effects of changes of temperature were also observed in the stone bridge, over the Thames, at Staines; after the arches had obtained their full settlement, openings were observed in the joints of the parapets immediately over the springing of the arches, and a distortion, or sinking, of the upper curve of the parapets. A wedge was inserted into some of these openings, and the lowest point of its descent, in the month of January, marked. The same wedges were carefully inserted every week until May, when they would no longer enter, and the joints became firmly closed. At this period, however, the joints immediately over the crowns of the arches which had, during the winter been quite close, were open. From these facts it followed, as a necessary consequence, that in winter the arch contracting descends, and the spandril joints opened, and in summer the arch expanding rose, and closed these joints, and opened those at the crowns. Thus the joints of the parapets, which were made of single slabs of granite for the whole height, became good indicators of the changes of temperature. It had also been observed in the Waterloo and other bridges, that joints made good in the winter with Roman cement were found crushed in summer. The details of these experiments, and of others, on the expansion of a large portion of the frieze plates, and the calculations to which they give rise, occupy the principal portion of this communication.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Geographical Society .....	Nine.
	Royal Academy (Sculpture) .....	Eight.
TUES.	Architectural Society .....	Eight.
	Zoological Society (Sci. Mus.) .....	p. Eight.
	Institute of Civil Engineers .....	Eight.
WED.	Geological Society .....	p. Eight.
	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
	Society of Arts .....	p. Seven.
THUR.	Royal Society .....	p. Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Naturalistic Society .....	Seven.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
	Royal Academy (Painting) .....	Eight.
FRI.	Royal Institution .....	p. Eight.

## MISCELLANEA

*Liszt.*—Assuredly, it is not in his own country that this great pianist finds the honours due to genius fall most sparingly on his head. Our island temperament has some difficulty in understanding the enthusiasm which makes every step of his progress a triumph. The following particulars are given in a letter from Pesth:—"On the evening of Friday, the 10th (January), the Royal German Theatre gave, for the benefit of the charitable institutions of the town, Beethoven's opera of 'Fidelio,' after which Liszt had promised to execute some of his compositions. The pianist entered the box of the Municipality, during the performance of the overture, and was instantly hailed with the most vociferous accla-

mations. "Long live Liszt! long live the great artist!" echoed from all quarters of the theatre, which was crowded with spectators; and the orchestra executed a series of trumpet movements,—an honour only paid, on other occasions, on the arrival of some member of the royal family. At the close of the opera, the curtain rose again, disclosing the representation of a magnificent Gothic hall, ornamented with a profusion of musical trophies, crowns, and garlands of flowers. Liszt appeared in the rich and picturesque national costume of the Hungarian nobles, and seating himself at a piano, executed a fantasia on some movements from Auber's 'Muette de Portici' and Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable.' When the audience had testified, in an almost frenzied manner, its admiration of these performances, the Count Léon de Festetics, President of the Royal Philharmonic Society, entered, accompanied by the two assessors and two prothonotaries of the county of Pesth, and, having addressed a short speech to the artist, delivered to him, in the name of the county, a magnificent sabre, valued at 600 florins (60*l.*), in a crimson velvet sheath, whereon were embroidered, in gold, the arms of the family of Liszt,—one of whose ancestors was, towards the close of the seventeenth century, grand judge of the county. On returning to his carriage, Liszt found himself the object of fresh homage from the students of the University, who had assembled, with torches, to escort him to his hotel. The torches, however, were useless; for all along the road which he had to pass, the houses were illuminated from top to bottom, and crowded with a populace estimated at thirty thousand at the least. Yesterday the municipality gave a grand ball in his honour, which was attended by all the notabilities of the town and all the nobles of the neighbourhood; and this morning, at daybreak, the great artist departed for Prague."

*Beethoven.*—The Society of the Friends of Music, in the Austrian States, has just received, under the will of the late Archduke Cardinal Rodolph, who was formerly its president, a valuable legacy,—being a complete collection of the works of Beethoven, written on vellum, embellished on every page, by miniatures from the pencils of the most distinguished artists of Vienna, forming sixty-two large oblong volumes, bound in red morocco, with gold and silver ornaments. The collection in question was compiled by the late Duke at a cost of upwards of 90,000 florins (about 9,000*l.*) The transcribing alone, which is stated to be a masterpiece of calligraphy, cost more than 14,000 florins. But what gives its great and distinguishing value to this collection, is the fact, that all the pieces of music which it contains have been revised and corrected by their author himself, long after their publication. "So that," says a Vienna letter, "it may be truly said, that the illustrious composer put the last touches of his hand to these pages."—Some of our musical readers may, perhaps, take an interest in knowing that M. Halévy has succeeded Auber as musical director to the Duchess of Orléans—the latter composer having become director to the King since Paër's death.

*Land Slip, or rather Mountain Slip.*—A singular occurrence is related to have taken place near Salins, in the district of the Jura, on the night of the 29th–30th of January. A mountain, called the Cernans has come down in mass on the plain by which it was surrounded, and a portion of the royal road from Dijon to Portail has sunk with this great land-slip, to a depth of more than 50 metres. That portion known as the *Rampe de Cernans*, (the ladder or staircase of Cernans) is rendered impassable, and all communication between Cernans and the border of the Doubs is cut off. During the day of the 30th, a fresh mass of earth and rock detached itself, and slid down with a motion sufficiently rapid to be distinctly perceived at a great distance by the naked eye,—displacing in its fall an additional portion of the road. It was apprehended that the mischief might spread much further, and the conjectures were various as to the cause of the disaster. By some, it was attributed to cuttings made at the foot of the mountain for the formation of a new road; others were of opinion that a fountain which ceased to play, upwards of five and twenty years ago, must have taken a subterranean direction, and mined out a portion of the mountain. Happily, no lives have been lost.

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